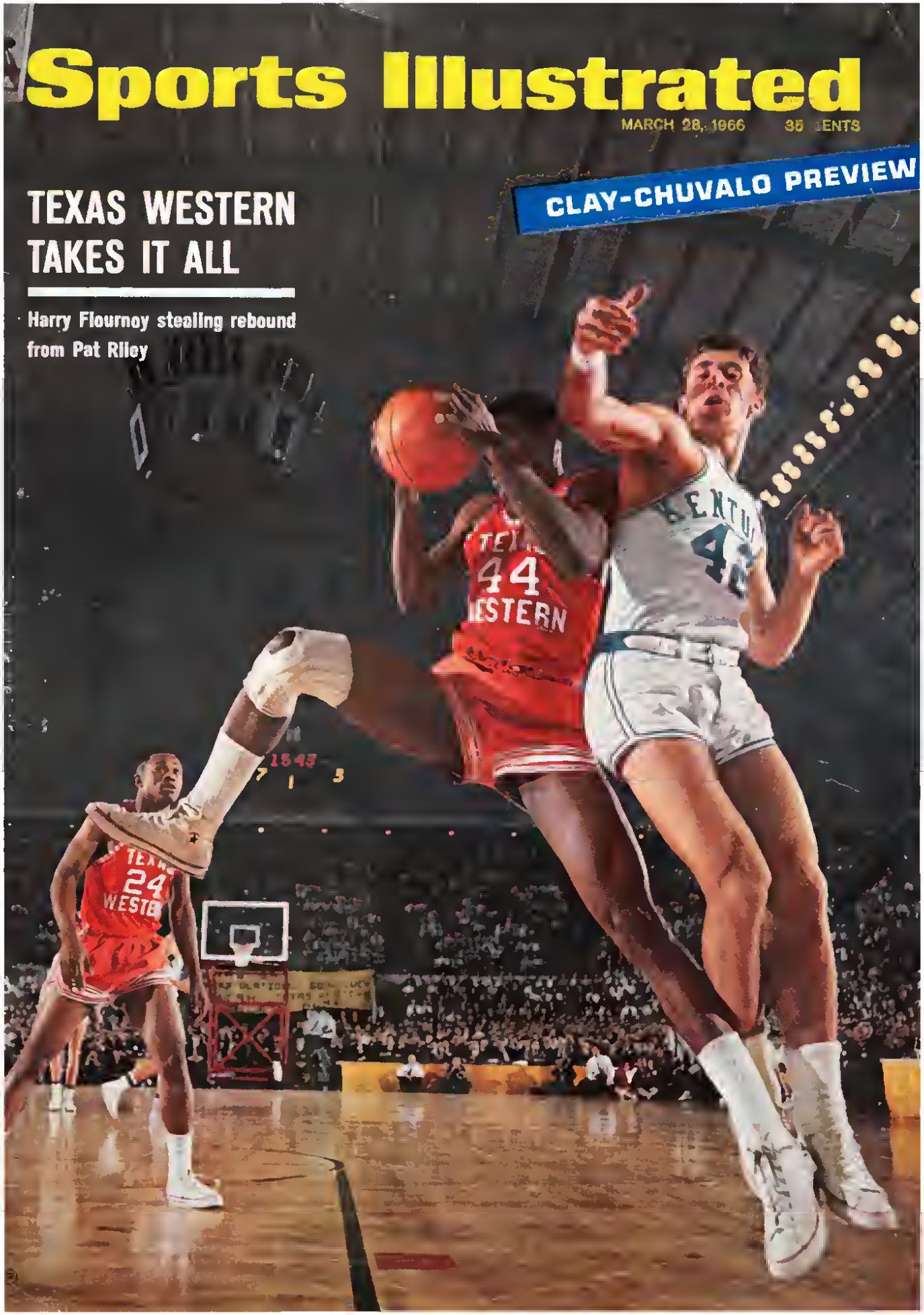
Sports Illustrated
MARCH 28, 1966 35 CENTS

TEXAS WESTERN TAKES IT ALL

Harry Flournoy stealing rebound from Pat Riley

CLAY-CHUVALO PREVIEW



Imported Italian Sparkling Wine. ©1965 The [illegible] Garnet[illegible], New York, N.Y.



Breakfast Italian style



The egg itself may be poached, fried, scrambled or boiled.

The wine must sparkle. With true Italian sparkle. The flavor must be natural. No sugar added to conceal an undeveloped grape.

Asti Gancia Spumante is such a wine.

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Gancia tells you it is Italy's best-loved sparkling wine.

The first sip tells a lot more. Asti Gancia has all the lightness and gaiety of champagne. But without the price tag.

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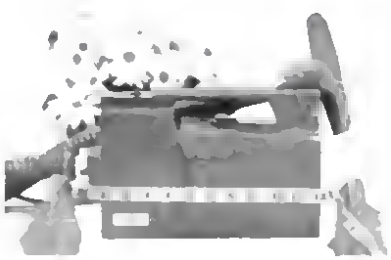
...brushes and vacuums clothes clean, in seconds.

General Electric Cares

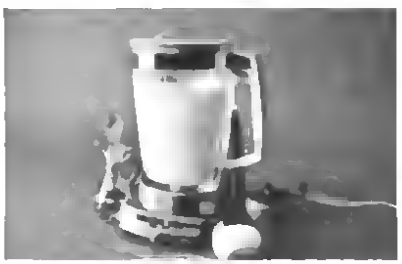
RECHARGES on its own storage rack

Here's how to make good grooming a habit for all the family. This miniature vacuum brush loosens...lifts...whisks away hairs, lint, dirt, threads, ashes, powder. It's gentle enough for most fabrics. Light, cordless—for use anywhere. Perfect gift.

General Electric Company, Housewares Division, Bridgeport, Conn. 06602



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LOOK, NO CORD! General Electric's Cordless Automatic Slicing Knife slices everything perfectly—from ripe tomatoes to a 21-lb. turkey. Rechargeable.

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Contents

MARCH 28, 1966 *Volume 24, No. 13*

Cover photograph by James Drake

26 Go-go with Bobby Joe
A brilliant display of ball-hawking by Bobby Joe Hill led Texas Western to the NCAA basketball title

30 France Has a Picnic in Vermont
Killy and crew skied away with most of the prizes in the U.S. Alpine Championships at Stowe

34 Showdown with a Punching Bag
Challenger George Chuvalo will take plenty of punishment from Cassius Clay, but not the title

38 A Stadium in a Studio
Lindsey Nelson tells how he once "re-created" baseball games for the Old Scotchman, Gordon McLendon

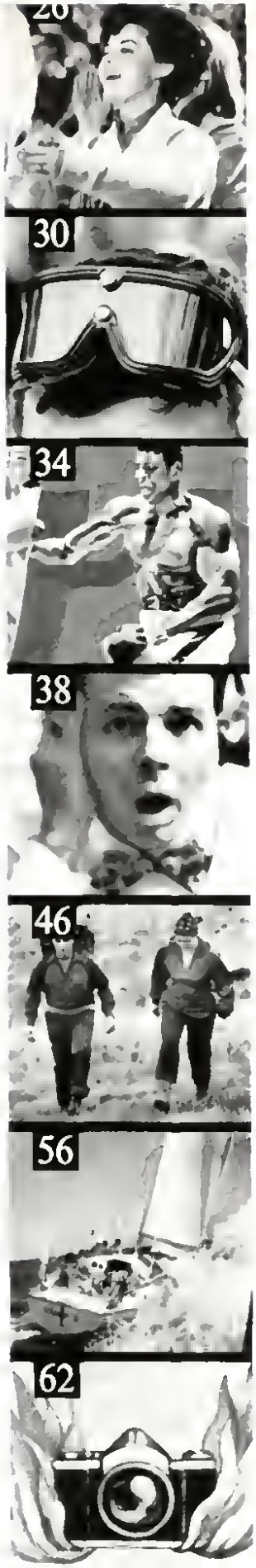
46 Shelters on a Scalloped Shore
A new kind of resort community on the California coast makes a strong appeal to sports-minded people

56 The Meanest Vamp at Sea
Ted Turner's stock boat wins the southern circuit and makes inland Atlanta a big-league deepwater city

62 Of Lost Days and a River
The trip down the Usumacinta was exciting, but it was the plane crash afterward that shaped the story

The departments

12 Scorecard
54 People
56 Boating
58 Bridge
79 Basketball's Week
80 For the Record
82 19th Hole



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Credits on page 80

Next week

THE MASTERS PREVIEW by Gwilym Brown assesses why one of the Big Three should win again, considers the chances of the few real threats and poses questions.

THE OLD GOLF TOUR had no millionaires, but its characters were paid off in laughs for what they missed in loot. Dan Jenkins writes of the glory days when Snead still had hair.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER was the caustic epithet applied to General William D. Eckert when he was named Commissioner of Baseball. A progress report on a determined man.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"So the pilot's headset is out, and he says, 'If you can hear me, hold up three fingers—do you know the Morse code?' which I do, because my brother taught me, so I picked up Florence and Charleston and Jacksonville and used my mirror-handwriting to hold up directions for him in the mirror. They told us to ditch it off Jacksonville, but then. . . "

That is SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Senior Editor Coles Phinizy cut off in mid-anecdote. We give it a lot of thought before we send Coles Phinizy on assignment—especially on the ones he recommends. The odds against his getting back seem so high. When the call came last November saying that Coles (on assignment for the article on the *Usumacinta River* on page 62) had crashed in the Mexican jungle and had struggled out of the wreckage but had *no money*, we were not particularly startled. In 1952, on a mission for LIFE, his plane stalled and made an unscheduled stop in a clump of Georgia pines. In 1954, on assignment for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, he went up in a balloon that burst and dropped him 4,200 feet. "And I had one private bailout, for no magazine," he says of a contretemps when he had to parachute into what he is permitted to identify only as "a large body of water."



PHINIZY WALKS AWAY FROM HIS LATEST CRASH

For the last few years Coles has been primarily concerned with skin diving, possibly because things seem to go better for him underwater than they do in the air, but also because he has a passion for water. Born in Georgia, he was unable to indulge this predilection on much of a scale when he was a child. "Water was all I ever cared about," he says, "and we didn't have enough of it. They gave us crayons in school and told us to color the water blue, and I thought, 'Water isn't blue, it's brown.' " (Coles was also, at this time, learning to write. His ability to mirror-write—write backwards—comes in handy now, but in the first grade he had to remember that you wrote from the red flowerpot on the left in the front of the classroom to the green flowerpot on the right. You added and subtracted, on the other hand, from the green flowerpot to the red.)

When he was 11, Coles moved from Georgia to New Jersey, where he discovered the Atlantic Ocean—color it blue—and became a lifeguard. However, he attended the Hill School in Pennsylvania, which had no swimming team. "I never saw a swimming meet until I was in one," he recalls. That was later on, when he was on the team at Harvard.

Phinizy became the swimming editor, underwater editor and, finally, the adventure editor at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and has written for us about swimmers, marine biologists, spelunkers, sharks and porpoises, surfers and skin divers. He seems mildly astonished at his role since he claims to be interested, really, in graphics. "I started out as a cartoonist," he observes. "I build underwater cameras. I never meant to be a writer—I'm *not* a writer."

Mr. Phinizy is in error. He is an excellent writer, as his article on his Mexican odyssey once again proves. We are pleased with it, and we might add that we are particularly pleased to have Coles back more or less intact.

Gary Valk

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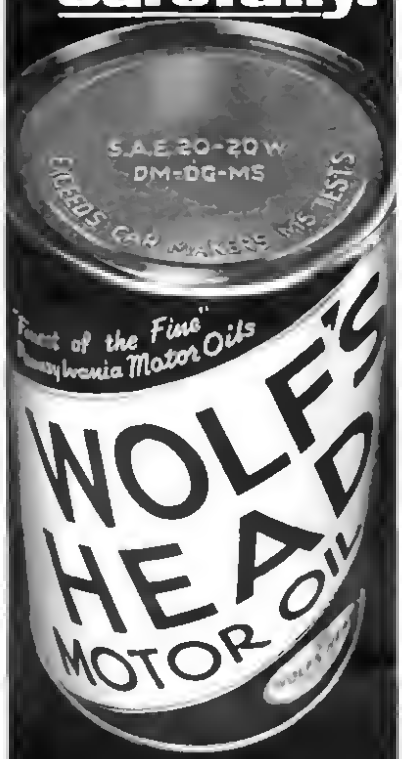
SUPERCAR: new Falcon Deluxe Club Wagon (with Budd-built parts)

Long on space. No shortage of fun. That's the
1966 Falcon Deluxe Club Wagon—with the new 1½-foot
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SHOPWALK

The Hardy trout fly rod is honored by fishermen among the English gentry

The distinguished English firm of Hardy's, whose trout fly rods are known among fishermen all over the world, opened a new factory early this year in the ancient castle town of Alnwick, on the main road to Scotland. The factory concerns itself entirely with wholesale and export business, though visitors are occasionally accommodated on a retail basis. All this modernity comes as a surprise, and perhaps a disappointment, to pilgrims who remember the old Hardy shop (vacated some years ago), so Dickensian that customers only a few years ago half expected to be offered a glass of sherry before business could be discussed.

It was in Alnwick almost a hundred years ago that a country ironmonger who was a bit of a gunsmith on the side suddenly went into a business that was to make his name famous and honored among the gentry. His name was William Hardy.

Working on the broad mahogany counter in the ironmongery, Hardy found that after much time spent with paring knives and sandpaper it was possible to take six triangular sections of bamboo and glue them together to form a hexagonal rod, stronger and far lighter than such wood as greenheart. A trout fly rod has a diameter of something like half an inch above the handle, and there must be a gradual taper to the tip where the size comes down to less than a 10th of an inch. This meant that Hardy, working largely by eye and with hand tools, had to prepare his material so that the cross sections of the six identical fine ends were perfect equilateral triangles with sides under a 20th of an inch long. When he was satisfied that he had a perfect fit all the way along the taper, he would stick the bamboo strips together with fish glue and bind them to hold them tight while drying. Then he would set the section aside for several days.

By the time he had added a cork handgrip, ferrules to join the lengths of rod and rings to guide the line he found he was handling a light wand that, although crude beside the featherweights of today, was a considerable advance.

He showed his new toy with some pride to his brother John James Hardy, a man of inventive mind and generally a hands man with a fishing rod. John James was impressed. He joined William in the firm, and together they decided to change trades and specialize in fishing gear. It was not long before the old ironmonger's shop was expanded to make room for more craftsmen, trained for the job from among the young men and women of Alnwick. A shop also opened in London's Pall Mall.

William F. Hardy, grandson of the founder, is now managing director of what has become a public corporation. "But it's still very much a family affair, you know. We make here everything we sell under our name, except for lines, clothes and hooks, which have for many years been a specialty of the town of Redditch, just outside Birmingham. We have our own foundry, and all the reels are cast here. Every single part of the hundreds of rods we make a week is made from scratch in this building. There has never been a new make of rod (we've designed over 300) that hasn't been personally designed, inspected and tested by someone called Hardy."

The current Hardy *Angler's Guide and Catalogue*, a lavishly produced volume (sold at two shillings sixpence to discourage a myriad of schoolboys from sending for it) with a cover depicting, in rather startling and dramatic color, a salmon fly, is a publication read with avidity by regular Hardy customers when it appears at the start of the year.

In the whole of the *Angler's Guide and Catalogue* there is no mention of any fish other than salmon, sea trout and trout, except that the larger (salmon) size of priest (a short-handled implement with a weighted head, usually brass) is recommended for giving the *coup de grace* to pike. A loose-leaf price list is inserted in the catalog.

For those—and they greatly outnumber the salmon and trout enthusiasts—who wish to fish for barbel, bleak, bream, carp, chub, dace, gudgeon, perch, pike, roach, rudd and tench and the innumerable species of sea fish, there is another, rather subdued catalog, printed with considerable economy on a much less glossy paper, with no color illustrations at all. Items include a $36 11-foot split-cane rod for roach (the others are all of fiber glass), three or four reels, the angler's knife, and the angler's and sportsman's pipe ("the most hygienic made"), some hooks whipped to nylon, and flat, bored leads (round lead bullets with a hole through them which are used for keeping bait on the bottom) for ledgering. Years ago you could buy a Hardy shrimping net.

Even in the game-fish line the use of fiber glass is creeping in, and Hardy's is now making and selling a fly rod, almost as light as their most delicate split cane, and a spinning rod of this new material. Although William Hardy is convinced that the best glass rods made in America and does his from there, he is making a deal for his experimental work with a German firm. "The Americans don't answer letters," he said, "and the Germans do. We're hoping to do a lot of work with the Germans, but there's a lot of experimenting to be done if we want to get the perfect action for our purposes. The trouble with most chemists is that they aren't fishermen"—a sentiment that may well be the philosophical discovery of the century.

J. A. Maxtone Graham



and now...the draft?

If you were deferred to finish college and are now a senior or a recent graduate, it's time to start thinking about the Army's alternative to the draft. If you don't, you may spend the next few years in work that doesn't fit into your own future plans.

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accessories supplied by Manufacturer, which shall, within 24 months from delivery of such motor vehicle to the original retail buyer or ... before such motor vehicle has been driven 24,000 miles, whichever event shall first occur, be returned to an authorized Dealer's place of business, and which shall be thus defective. This warranty shall not apply (1) to tires (which are covered by the tire manufacturer's warranty), nor (2) to normal maintenance services (including, but not limited to, engine tune-up, fuel system cleaning and wheel, brake and clutch adjustments) and the normal replacement of service items (such as spark plugs, ignition points, filters, wiper blades and brake and clutch linings) and deterioration of soft trim and appearance items due to use or exposure, nor (3) to any such motor vehicle which shall have been repaired or altered outside of an authorized dealership in any way so as in the judgment of Manufacturer to affect adversely its ...

Company warrants to the owner each part of this vehicle to be free under normal use and service from defects in material and workmanship for a period of 24 months from the date of delivery to the original retail purchaser or until it has been driven for 24,000 miles, whichever comes first.* This warranty shall be fulfilled by the dealer (or if the owner of the vehicle is traveling or has become a resident of a different locality, by any authorized dealer) replacing or repairing at his place of business, free of charge including related labor, any such defective part.

... the battery on your vehicle should fail within 12 months or 12,000 miles, whichever occurs first after delivery, it will be replaced at no cost. Thereafter, it will be replaced on a pro-rata adjustment basis up to 36 months from date of original vehicle purchase. The pro-rata adjustment provides you with a credit towards the purchase of a new battery, based on the number of months remaining in the pro-rata period at the time ... does not apply if the battery has been ...

5. REQUIRED MAINTENANCE SERVICES. The engine oil and oil filter must be changed and the carburetor air filter cleaned and replaced as specified in the warranty to assure protection under the engine and drive train warranty coverage. At least every six months, an Authorized Dealer must certify on the form supplied with the vehicle that (1) you have furnished the dealer evidence that the required maintenance services have been performed, and (2) the mileage then registered on the vehicle odometer. Any competent service garage ...

The provisions of this warranty shall not apply to any motor vehicle or chassis which has been subject to misuse, negligence or accident, ... which shall have been repaired or altered outside of an authorized dealership in any way so as, in the judgment of Manufacturer, to affect adversely its performance and reliability, nor to normal maintenance services (such as engine tune-up, fuel system cleaning and wheel, brake and clutch adjustments) and the replacement of service items (such as spark plugs, ignition points, filters and brake and clutch lining) made in connection with such services, nor to normal deterioration of soft trim and appearance items due to wear and exposure.

... Manufacturer, warrants each new motor vehicle and chassis including all equipment and accessories thereon (except tires and tubes), manufactured or supplied and delivered to the original retail purchaser, to be free from defects in material and workmanship under normal use and service, obligation under this warranty being limited to repairing or replacing at its option any part or parts thereof which shall, within twenty-four (24) months after delivery of such vehicle or chassis to the original retail purchaser or before such vehicle or chassis has been driven twenty-four thousand (24,000) miles, whichever event shall first occur, be returned to an authorized Dealer at such Dealer's place of business and which examination shall disclose to Manufacturer's satisfaction to have been thus defective. The repair or replacement of defective parts under this warranty will be made by such Dealer without charge for parts, and if made at such Dealer's place of business, without charge for labor.

This warranty is expressly in lieu of any other warranties, expressed or implied, including any implied warranty of merchantability or fitness for a particular purpose, and of any other obligations or liability on the part of the Manufacturer, and neither assumes nor authorizes any other ...

3. TIRE WARRANTY. Your tires are warranted separately by the tire manufacturer. This provides you protection against defects in workmanship and material under their lifetime warranty, and against the hazards covered by their road hazard warranty. You may use this booklet to establish the delivery date of your car to the tire manufacturer's representative should you require road hazard-type ... will be based on tread wear remaining and list price at time of tire failure.

7. NOTICE OF TRANSFER OF OWNERSHIP. Within 30 days after acquiring the car, subsequent owners should have a Dealer submit a Notice of Transfer of Ownership certifying the mileage and service history of the vehicle. If previous owners have had Required Services performed and the Services Record and odometer mileages certified at 6-month intervals, any remaining coverage under the Manufacturer's Passenger Car Warranty will continue to apply.

This warranty shall not apply to (i) tires or tubes (appropriate adjustments for them being provided by their manufacturers), or (ii) to normal maintenance services (such as engine tune-up, fuel system cleaning and wheel, brake and clutch adjustments), or (iii) to normal replacement of service items (such as filters, spark plugs, ignition points, wiper blades and brake or clutch linings), or (iv) to deterioration

This warranty is expressly in lieu of all other warranties expressed or implied by Manufacturer or others, including merchantability or fitness for a particular purpose, and all other obligations or liabilities on the part of Manufacturer or others, and Manufacturer neither assumes nor authorizes any other person to assume for Manufacturer or others any other obligation or liability.

2. WARRANTY SERVICE. ... Maintenance and Adjustments. ... which may become necessary under the Manufacturer's Passenger Car Warr... Periodic lubrication and adjustments that become necessary because of use and operation of the vehicle selling dealer, however, any A... Engine oil—changing or adding ... including any implied WARRANTY of MERCHANT- Engine tune-up and electrical system checks ... This warranty is expressly IN L... Front suspension alignment and wheel balance ... or the selling Dealer. ABILITY or FITNESS, and of... Tire rotation ... Drive belt adjustments

Replacement items ...

Oil, air and fuel filters, spark plugs, condenser, ignition points, crankcase ventilation valve, light bulbs and seal beam headlights.

before such motor vehicle has been driven 24,000 miles, whichever event shall first occur, be returned to an authorized Dealer's place of business, and which shall be thus defective. This warranty shall not apply (1) to tires (which are covered by the tire manufacturer's warranty), nor (2) to normal maintenance services (including, but not limited to, engine tune-up, fuel system cleaning and wheel, brake and clutch adjustments) and the normal replacement of service items (such as spark plugs, ignition points, filters, wiper blades and brake and clutch linings) and deterioration of soft trim and appearance items due to use or exposure, nor (3) to any such motor vehicle which shall have been repaired or altered outside of an authorized dealership in any way so as in the judgment of Manufacturer to

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Cadillac Motor Car Division

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FULL SERVICE BANK

"The place where you keep your checking eccount."

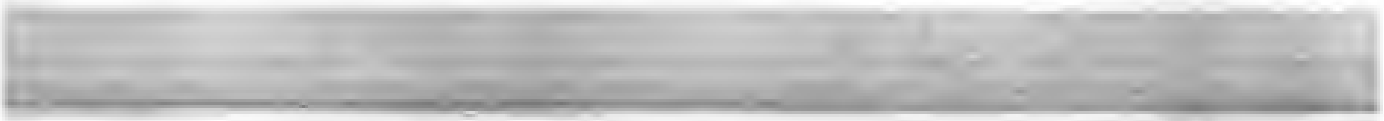
Are there London Fogs in Venice?



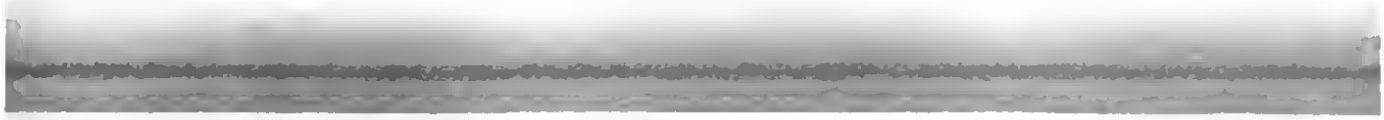
See for yourself.
Watch the London Fogs drift by when a rain paints the Doge's Palace violet.
See them show up when the sun gilds the domes and spires of San Marco.
Because a London Fog Maincoat® is a born traveler. Lets you sit out a shower in the Piazza, while others run for cover.
It shrugs off wrinkles, downpours and the dust of travel like a native Venetian.
Attracts back-glances from the women. Covetous looks from the men.
Better keep a weather eye on yours.

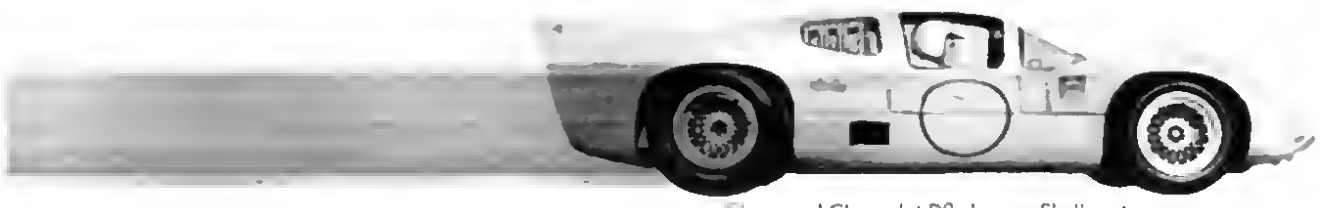
*THE MANCHESTER. EXCLUSIVE CLIPPER MILL PLAID IN SHADES OF OLIVE AND NAVY. SPLIT SHOULDER STYLING. ABOUT $45. SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

London Fog®
BALTIMORE, MD.





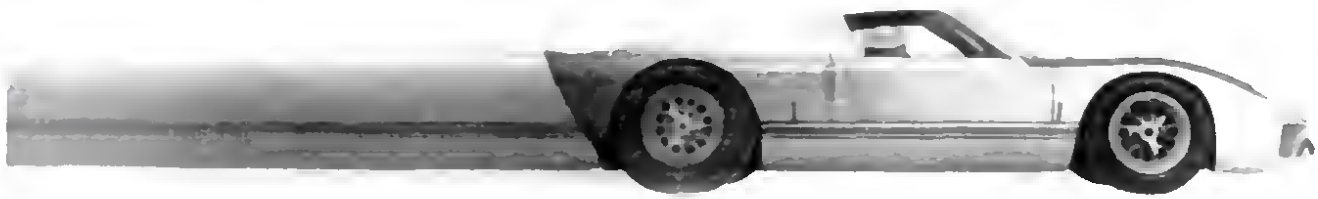




Chaparral Chevrolet D2 chooses Shell motor oil



Ferrari 330P3 chooses Shell motor oil



Ford Mark II chooses Shell motor oil

This Saturday: racing's famous "12-Hour Grind"

Has Shell stacked the deck at Sebring?

The answer is no—even though it looks that way.

After all, the 3 favorites (Chaparral Chevrolet, Ford Mark II, Ferrari) are using Shell motor oil. Odds are, the winner will be a Shell customer.

But we didn't stack the deck. *They* did.

Every team at Sebring chooses the oil it wants. And the favorites choose Shell.

Why?

For one thing, Shell oil stands up under Sebring's torturous conditions. Speeds of 180 mph. Blistering engine temperatures. Twelve grueling hours of racing.

The Shell motor oil chosen by the racing experts is used to solve special problems not found in normal driving.

But the same rigid standards of quality that go into these oils go into the Shell motor oils you can buy at any Shell station.

Stack the deck in your favor—at the sign of the Shell.

Shell guide to Sebring

Place: Sebring, Florida. Time: Saturday, March 26, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Winner: car covering greatest distance in 12 hours. Course: 5.2 miles per lap. Motor oil: free choice. (Chaparral Chevrolet, Ford Mark II, and Ferrari choose Shell.) Gasoline: free choice. (Chaparral Chevrolet, Ford Mark II, and Ferrari choose Super Shell.)

SHELL

SUPER SHELL

Super Shell motor oil works to prolong engine life and reduce repairs in your car—no matter what the season.

SCORECARD

LEISURE

People are seldom so grim as when they discuss the proper use of leisure time. A pleasant exception is the Duke of Edinburgh, who spoke on this spiky subject last week at the University of California at Los Angeles. His good humor and good sense saved him from sounding like that classic killjoy, the resort recreation director whose mission is to make sure that no one ever has a minute to himself. Said Prince Philip: "I must confess that I am interested in leisure in the same way that a poor man is interested in money. I can't get enough of it. Furthermore, I have no problem whatever in *filling* my leisure time, and I *worry* not at all whether what I do is good or wise or likely to improve my character or likely to help me become a 'whole man.' " Pretty bold, that: the man thinks it is all right to enjoy one's self.

Having disarmed solemnity, the Prince went on to discuss the very real problems facing societies like those of the United States and Great Britain whose achievements in technology are creating an ever larger leisure, not alone for a privileged elite but eventually for almost everyone. Prince Philip is not alarmed by the prospect. Although he notes a remnant of the rigid Puritan ethic with its adage, "The Devil finds work for idle hands," he believes that human resourcefulness will go the Devil one better in finding ways to make creative—or at least nondestructive—use of time away from bread-and-butter jobs. Already, according to Prince Philip, signs are around that it is no longer the kinds of jobs we have that determine status. "Leisure occupations," he said, "cut across status at work or status in the community. A common interest in skiing, for instance, or sailing washes out all other differences." More and more, Prince Philip argues, people will measure their success or failure not by the importance of their jobs or the amount of money they earn but by the emotional fulfillments of their leisure time. A dull job—by this logic—is not slavery: it is a *quid pro quo*, bearable because the drudgery pays for the freedom to follow one's inclinations when the workday is over. The university, said the Prince, "needs to stimulate a social conscience about leisure in the same way that the social conscience of the 19th century had to be stirred about poverty."

ABE SAPERSTEIN

When Prince Philip heard the news of the death of Abe Saperstein last week he sent a telegram of sympathy to Saperstein's widow. More than once the Prince had enriched his own leisure time viewing the expert antics of Saperstein's Harlem Globetrotters, and he counted their founder among his friends. If there was a touch of Napoleonic vanity in Saperstein's nature, it was effectively blended with more than a touch of P. T. Barnum acumen. Said the Globetrotters' Meadowlark Lemon: "He took basketball to remote places that would never have started the game if it hadn't been for him."

DOCTOR EXTRAORDINARY

"Fans, that move by Elgin Baylor for his 40th point was one of the most incredible he has ever made," said Chick Hearn, broadcaster of the Los Angeles Lakers games, reporting from New York. "He came in from his right, went by the basket and came back overhead with a reverse spin shot off the boards."

Dr. Robert Kerlan, listening in at his Brentwood, Calif. home, may be excused if a wisp of a smile crossed his face. In a playoff game a year ago, Baylor had collapsed after throwing a soaring jump pass, his left kneecap literally torn apart. Dr. Kerlan, who has treated Sandy Koufax and Tommy Davis of the Dodgers, Golfer Tony Lema, Bowler Don Carter and Jockeys Walter Blum and Johnny Longden, had not been sanguine about Baylor, but here he was scoring 46 points against the Knicks.

"Few men had Elgin's electrifying excitement back about three or four years ago," Dr. Kerlan said. "After surgery, the best we could anticipate would be for Elg to be able to hold down a place on an NBA club. To expect him to become a superplayer again—that would have been overly optimistic. But Elgin convinced me in a game last month that he was back. That night in New York convinced everybody else. I'm amazed at the man."

We find Dr. Kerlan equally amazing—not merely for his medical skill but for a cheerful concealment of the pain caused by his own severe arthritis—and we wish him continued good listening.

WHOOOO, PIG, SOOEY!

In Fort Smith, Ark., members of the ninth grade English class at Van Buren High School were asked to write letters to celebrities as a class project. Replies came from such eminent men and women as Dwight D. Eisenhower, J. Edgar Hoover, Hubert Humphrey, Archbishop Makarios, Barry Goldwater, Princess Grace of Monaco and Lucy Johnson. "Perhaps the most famous signature," said the Fort Smith *Southwest American* report of the project, "came from Coach Frank Broyles of the University of Arkansas."

ASTROGRASS

Progress boils on in Houston. They have just laid a $500,000 carpet of artificial infield grass in the Astrodome. This Astroturf, as it is called, consists of a half-inch rubber mat sprouting quarter-inch



green tufts. It has "the resilience of a hairbrush" and can be patched in worn places as easily as a rip in a bush leaguer's uniform.

To complement their synthetic grass (and conditioned air), the Astros will have a portable pitching mound. This will

continued



The tougher the road, the better our 125-m.p.h. tire

Turnpikes can be tame. So get out and rough it. Explore mountain trails, cobblestone streets, hairpin turns. Push into areas where differentials, transmissions and tires are sorely tried. Steering and suspension are strained. For here's the real test. Here's where you'll find Firestone's 125-m.p.h. tire: the Super Sports "500." Firestone tires have been found everywhere that man and machine have ventured—Indianapolis 500, Pikes Peak, Watkins Glen, Daytona, Mexican Road Rally, and Bonneville. It is this history, this heritage, that has



enabled Firestone to build the most rugged rubber on wheels. Our newest, a 125-m.p.h. tire (great for 60-m.p.h. drivers, too). The toughness is in the tread—a tread with special racing construction that welds it to the nylon cord body, a tread with unique bars that eliminate wavering during extreme speed or stress, a tread that laps up the wall of the tire, that wraps around to provide cleat-like traction on curves. The tradition, the tread, the tire: the Super Sports "500." After all, your safety is our business at Firestone. "500"

THE SPORTS CAR TIRE SUPER 500 SPORTS FROM Firestone



Sweetheart of the Supermarket Set

It was bound to happen. With non-stop thrift, with fantastically nimble performance, with all-around, All-American elegence, Mustang has become the sweetheart of the Supermarket Set.

They like the way Mustang makes sense with gas. More miles per gallon is about the heart of it. They relish the way Mustang maneuvers into tight parking spots. They love the good performance of the 200-cubic-inch Six on the open road.

And Mustang makes people feel just great. Great at the supermarket . . . grand at the opera . . . casually elegant everywhere. (Why not, with bucket seats, snappy stick shift, plush carpeting and all the array of other no-cost specials that a Mustang features?)

Why not make a date—this week—for a test-drive? You, too, can go places with the sweetheart of the Supermarket Set!



MUSTANG

Ford



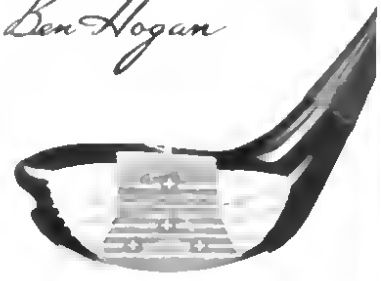
Curved Sole Woods get the ball up and away.

WHY?

My 1966 Curved Sole Woods are designed to fit any lie. They give exceptional playability from awkward fairway lies as well as from the tee, because curved sole configuration increases head speed and minimizes ground contact.

Go by your Pro Shop for a few practice swings with my new Curved Sole Woods. They can strengthen your woods game.

Ben Hogan



BEN HOGAN

make it easy to convert the field for other events by simply tossing the mound to one side and rolling up the grass.

"Everything about the Astrodome is unparalleled and trailblazing," says Judge Roy Hofheinz, the owner. "We feel the addition of this new playing surface, a product of chemistry, should launch a new and wondrous era in recreational system-engineering."

UNDERCOVER BASS

For months New Zealand fishermen have argued the question of whether largemouth bass should be imported from the U.S. and planted in the islands' trout-teeming waters as an alternative game fish—at the possible risk of harming the trout. The anti-bass boys, contending that the trout food supply might be severely depleted by heavy-feeding bass, seemed to be in the majority. But now it appears that an anonymous (fortunately for him) American may have resolved the question. "Some unnamed American serviceman stationed in Christchurch with the Deep Freeze Antarctica operation," charges *The Press* of Christchurch, "brought in by Globemaster, privately and illegally, bass ova and fry which are even now living in lakes and rivers in both the South Island and the North Island." The American, the paper contended, had decided to prove what a magnificent sport fish the bass is by letting New Zealanders see for themselves. William Scott, New Zealand's Minister of Marine, has ordered an inquiry.

BIRDS AND BEES

Britain's climate is notoriously unsatisfactory for outdoor courting, no sooner have proceedings reached an agreeable point than a beastly shower or a dank mist sends the couple scurrying inside.

Thanks to the ingenuity and broad-mindedness of Mr. Francis Cheetham, curator of Norwich Castle Museum, the youngsters of Norfolk County, at least, are now able to clinch in surroundings barely distinguishable from the great outdoors and without risk of inclement weather. Those who pay sixpence for admission are permitted to flirt freely in the semidarkness of the museum's Bird Room, right next to some lifelike stuffed rough-legged buzzard or bar-tailed godwit. Only the absence of trees and actual birdsong makes it any different from some hosky dell in Norfolk's countryside.

continued



"IPC" Irons for '66 are the greatest irons we've ever built.

WHY?

My new Improved Percussion-Center™ Iron design is based on my proven principle of muscular guidance by weight balance. This new technique coordinates your own full power with the clubhead weight, to give you consistently more distance and much better control.

Swing my new Improved Percussion-Center Irons at your Pro Shop. Your own game will show you the value of "IPC" design.

Ben Hogan

PERCUSSION IMPROVED CENTER

BEN HOGAN



Why is it 81 out of 107 powerboats at the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club are Chris-Crafts?

And why is it that in almost any yacht club or marina, you'll find more Chris-Crafts than any other make?

Is it because Chris-Craft gives you more: comfort, styling, durability, safety features, seaworthiness, service availability, re-sale value; plus top performance, and the industry's best warranty?

Or is it because you get more to choose from in Chris-Crafts: 83 models, from 15 to 65 feet, marine-plywood Cavaliers, steel or aluminum Roamers, full lapstrake Sea Skiffs, planked Philippine mahogany Chris-Crafts, and fiberglass cruisers, sailboats, and runabouts?

Why not ask a Chris-Craft owner? At least you won't have to look hard to find one.

Shown at Grosse Pointe (Mich.) Yacht Club: 37′ Roamer; in steel or aluminum; sleeps 6. Command Bridge optional. From $25,440*.

Write Chris-Craft Corporation, Pompano Beach, Fla. 33061.

WARRANTY

For the first 24 months or 400 hours of operation, whichever comes first, Chris-Craft Corporation will repair or replace, at its option, parts defective by reason of faulty workmanship or material returned to the selling dealer with transportation charges to the point of manufacture. For the first 12 months or 200 hours of operation, whichever comes first, Chris-Craft will pay the labor costs as determined by its schedule for removal and reinstallation of such parts. Chris-Craft does not warrant used boat or engine purchases, paints, varnishes, gelcoats, chrome, racing boats or engines, altered boats or parts or speeds. *Price is FOB factory.

Suppose you get sick or hurt and can't work.

Will your company group plan cover the full cost of your hospital room?

Will it feed your family and pay the rent?

You need cold, hard cash. Cash to help pay the hospital bills and keep your family going.



Allstate "Sick Pay" is tax-free cash you can live on.

Allstate "Sick Pay" is tax-free cash that comes in regularly as clockwork while you're sick or hurt and can't work . . . even up to age 65.

This plan pays cash whether you're in or out of the hospital.

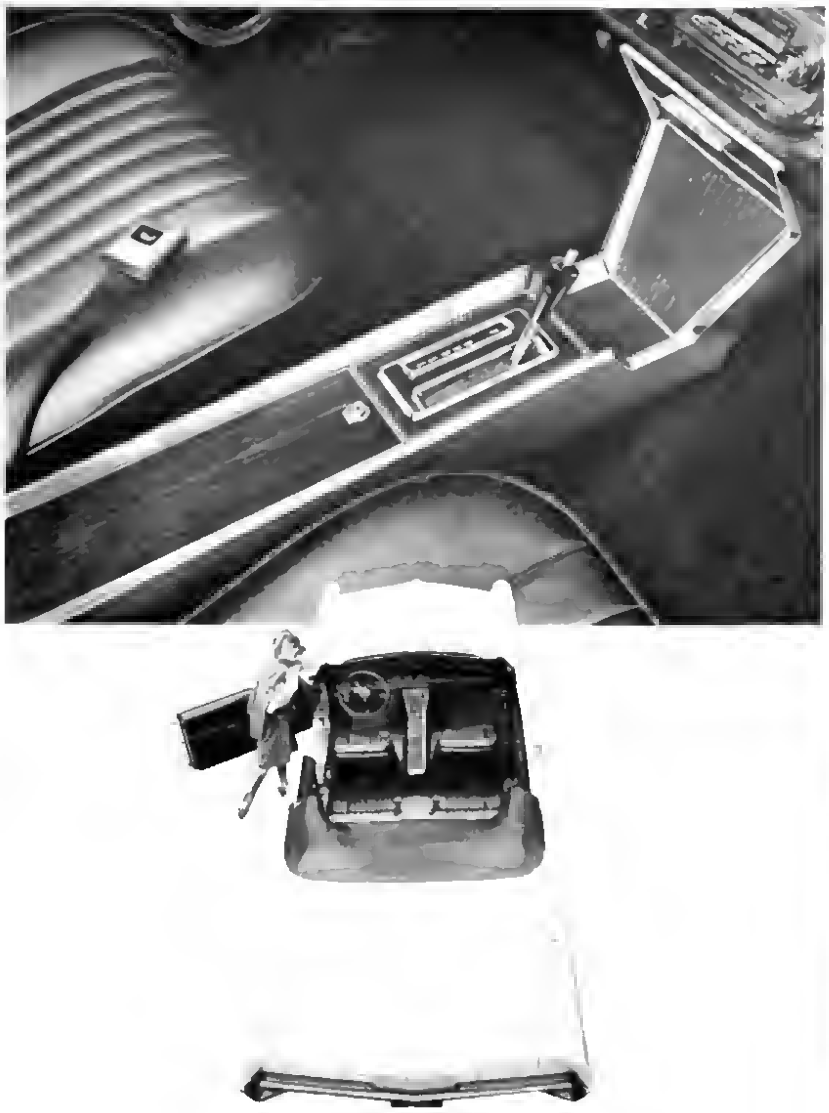
Pays cash in *addition* to any health or hospital expense insurance you have.

Cash you can spend any way you want to. And your "Sick Pay" policy is guaranteed renewable to age 65.

Don't wait. Talk to an Allstate Agent at an Allstate office—or at Sears, or he'll be glad to come to your home. Allstate Insurance Companies.

You're in good hands with Allstate®





New sports console by GUIDE adds the dashing touch to Pontiac!

Put the Tiger's controls right at your fingertips with a new sports console by Guide. The console provides storage and convenience . . . displays beauty and dash. It's available on all Pontiac models with bucket seats. The Pontiac sports console is just one of the many ways Guide products help add convenience and good looks to all GM cars. Pick out the Tiger of your choice at your Pontiac dealer's . . . and treat yourself to the luxury of a sports console by Guide!

SPORTS CONSOLE BY GUIDE

GUIDE LAMP DIVISION

GM

"It is one of our jobs to provide a public service," says Mr. Cheetham. "Courting couples are some of our best behaved visitors. They have no time for vandalism." Moreover, says the curator, the practice expands interest in East Anglian birds.

VIVA LUIS

If we could have our way, the winner of the Dick Tiger-Emile Griffith fight for the middleweight title on April 25 would be matched immediately with Luis Rodriguez, the former welterweight champion—especially if the winner is Dick Tiger, since Rodriguez and Griffith have already met three times. A Cuban expatriate of large energies and cheerful disposition, Luis is one of our favorite athletes—a fighter who fights. Luis fights with equal facility as a middleweight or welterweight. He is undefeated in his last 15 bouts—or since he met Griffith the last time—and 12 of these victories were over middleweights. A fortnight ago in Philadelphia Luis scored a 9th-round TKO over George Benton, a strong middleweight. It was a flashy victory. Benton is always at his best in a home fight and had not been beaten in Philadelphia since a six-rounder in 1950.

Luis is a man very hard to lose in a crowd, for he has deep horizontal furrows in his brow that make him look like a piece of Mayan sculpture. Below the brow are a confident eye and a heroic nose. "Cassius Clay is the greatest," Luis says, "but I am the best."

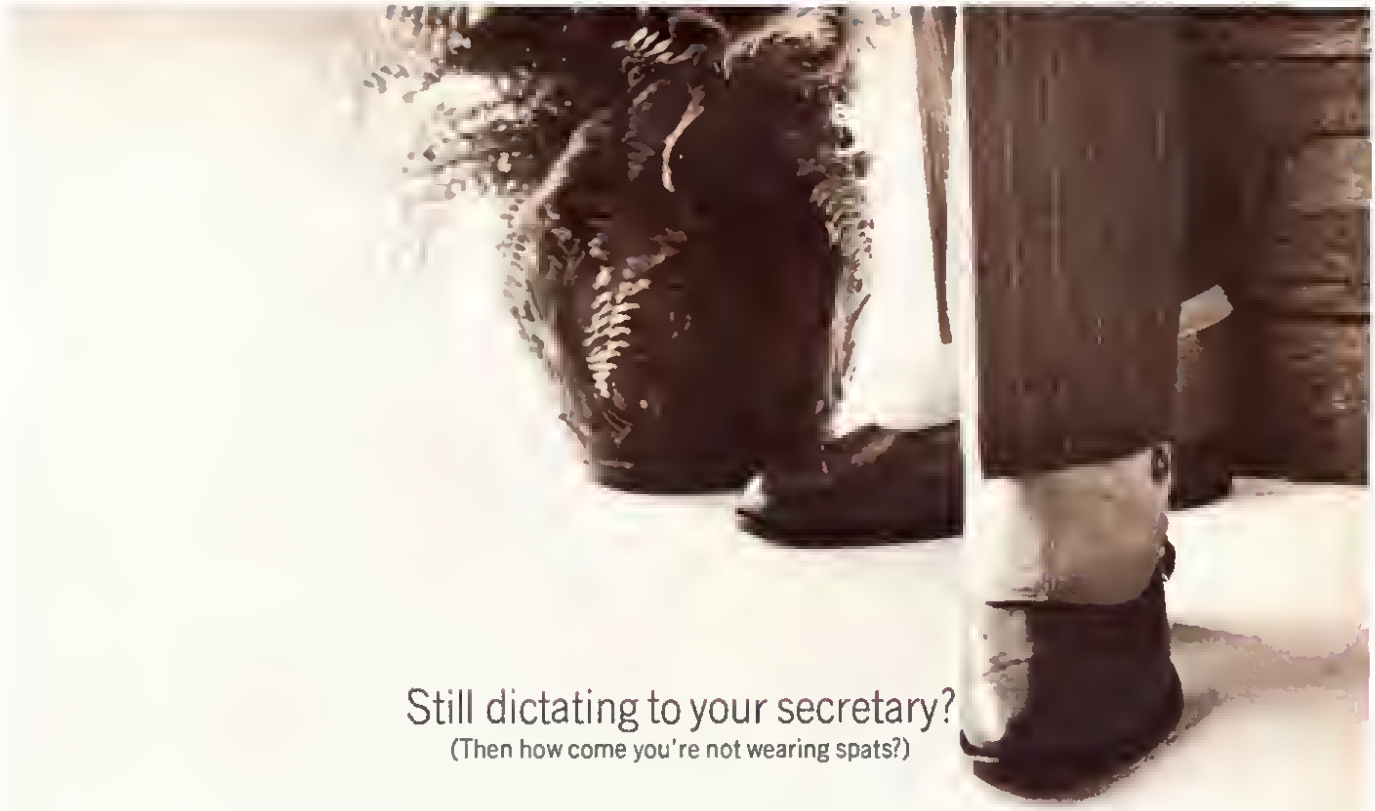
IT'S ALL RELATIVE

More remarkable than the percentage of the 945 students at Dallas Baptist College who are excellent basketball players is the number of those players who have three or more parents. This unusual ratio was discovered by coach Dennis Walling when his team won 23 games, went to the national junior college tournament and attracted much attention from senior-college recruiters.

The whole problem is that Dallas Baptist is becoming a four-year college next year, and Walling wants to keep some of his players. Alas, even after a polite message to recruiters whom he has been helping for years, Walling had to tell his players not to talk with anyone except close relatives.

That slowed the swarming coaches not at all. "After games," Walling moaned, "they rushed on the court and claimed

(continued)



Still dictating to your secretary?

(Then how come you're not wearing spats?)

The way you dress isn't old-fashioned. The way you work doesn't have to be.

Dictating to a secretary ties up two people. Stops work at her desk. Restricts you to her availability.

Both you and your secretary will get more done with the new IBM Executary® 224 Dictating Unit.

When you use the 224, your secretary is free to do other work for you. And when she's out, it's there to help clear away paper work.

The handy 224 works at your desk. In conference. On trips. Wherever you do your thinking.

Let your IBM® Representative show you how IBM Dictation Equipment can make the most of your time.

Call him. He'll be happy to bring you up to date.





call for COTTON

...Hathaway did

For white that is white and stays white, for stripes that are sharp and stay sharp, call for cotton. Hathaway did and came up with this wonderfully contoured cotton shirt. You'll like its Bamboo Weave, the cut of its collar, the sculptured waistline, the smooth shoulders. Above all, you'll like its cotton feel, its cotton freshness. In a variety of stripes and in its two collar styles at your favorite haberdashery or department store. About $8.00.

COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE,
BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE 38112

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON

they were mothers and fathers. Why, it wasn't even safe to leave players on the bench during a game. You looked around and saw strangers sitting on the bench talking to the players."

HORN OF SNOOK

Educators who deplore the narrowing effect of specialization in the schools may well see Jimmy Horn of Snook, Texas as a sort of Renaissance man. He is the basketball coach of the high school there and also teaches American history, chemistry and general science. The population of the town is 145, and the school's male enrollment 30. Horn's team has won the Class B state basketball championship two years in a row with 78 straight wins. "During basketball," Horn says modestly, "they hire a man to take my place driving the school bus." He adds, "They treat me good here," indicating that he has not yet been co-opted to teach English.

WRONG TIME FOR A TIME-OUT

Our familiar enemy, the television commercial time-out that interrupts the flow of a sports event, reared up again last week in the last minutes of a Knicks-76ers basketball game. The teams were only a point apart in a match crucial to Philadelphia in its drive toward the Eastern title when the officials, at a signal relayed from the TV director, stopped the game. The time-out was called with the Knicks in possession, and the 76ers went on to win, so there was no bloodshed. But as usual in such circumstances, the spectators were let down and the outcome of the game itself jeopardized by this senseless interference.

THEY SAID IT

- Stan Hack, ex-manager of the Chicago Cubs, now manager of their Dallas-Fort Worth farm club, describing his home town, Grand de Tour, Ill., "It's so small we don't even have a town drunk; everyone has to take a turn."
- Ernie Ladd, 6 foot 9, 300-pound tackle for the San Diego Chargers and off-season professional wrestler, asked his favorite hold: "I don't have a name for it. I just grab them and keep the pressure on until they stop wiggling."
- Cazzie Russell on why he chose to go to Michigan to play basketball: "I used to watch Michigan play on TV, and they were so terrible I knew they really needed help." **END**

Describe the flavour of J&B scotch?

Difficult? *Impossible!*

What we *can* say about the flavour of J&B scotch is that it is, really, very, very special. So special, in fact, that this precious blend, with its noble "marriage" of many aristocratic scotches, has become one of America's most-asked-for brands. Significant and, it seems to us, well worth a try if only for that reason.

Justerioi & Brooks ship it to us. 217-year-old Justerini & Brooks which counted Charles Dickens among its maoy eminent patrons and which guards the unique quality of J&B with fierce British determination.



PENNIES MORE IN COST · WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

The others are not J&B rare scotch



SEND FOR 3-VOLUME SET OF DICKENS' CLASSICS—only $1.00
Handsome, hard-cover library editions. Titles: *A Christmas Carol, A Tale of Two Cities, David Copperfield*. All 3, only $1 postpaid. Write J&B Dickens Library, P.O. Box 180, Cliffside Park, N.J. 07010. Dept. S (Offer limited to Continental U.S. where legal.)

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky • The Paddington Corporation, New York 20, N.Y.

The Dynapower distance secret

(Or: How Wilson Staff irons help cut the fairways down to size)



If you think you can get more power out of your irons by adding some weight to the back of the blade, you're probably right.

The trouble is, when you add extra weight to a club head you're likely to change the "feel" of the club, upset the rhythm of your swing, and add strokes to your score.

So far, the only people who have been able to add weight to the back of an iron successfully are the men who make Wilson Staff® irons.

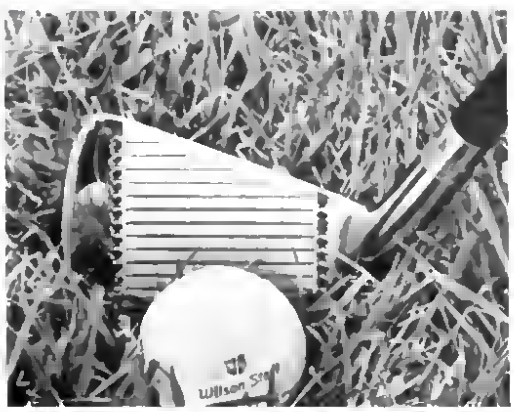


Their secret of success is that they put extra weight in the hitting area behind the ball *without changing the total weight of the club head.*

They do it by drilling dead weight out of the heel and putting it directly behind the hitting area, where it gives you more power.

That little lightweight rubber plug replaces the dead weight Wilson has removed.

Dynapower® is an exclusive Wilson clubmaking technique that is ten years old this year. It is still the best reason for joining the swing to Wilson Staff irons.



Next time you're in your golf professional shop, look for the irons with the little round rubber plug in the heel.

They're the best way yet to cut the fairways down to size.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

A subsidiary of Wilson & Co. Inc.

Available only through golf professional shops.



No two drivers are just alike . . .

THAT'S WHY YOU'LL LIKE THE PERSONALIZED COMFORT OF A TERNSTEDT 6-WAY POWER SEAT



Ternstedt's 6-way power seat always treats you as an individual. You get seating comfort that suits you best—whether you're tall and slim, short and stocky or medium build. All you do is press a switch! Instantly, the 6-way seat glides you straight forward or backward, or up or down, tilts you forward or back, too, whenever you want extra leg and back support (great on a long drive, especially). This 6-way adjustment means that headroom, legroom, arm reach and visibility are ideal. And it's easier getting in and out of a Ternstedt 6-way power seat. Try one for size. You'll find it fits beautifully! And the quality and value are traditionally General Motors.

GM TERNSTEDT
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

FOR A DEMONSTRATION SEE YOUR CHEVROLET, PONTIAC, OLDSMOBILE, BUICK OR CADILLAC DEALER

If you have forced-air heat, you own half a G-E Central Air Conditioning system already.





Take the case of Mr. William Daniels of Bay Village, Ohio, who says: "It took less than a day to have G-E Central Air Conditioning installed in our home."

Why so easy? Because Mr. Daniels had forced-air heat, he already had adequate ducting. And putting in the ducts does represent half—or more—of the time and work needed to install a central air conditioning system in a home.

Why G.E.? "I have confidence in the name," answers Mr. Daniels. And there's a good reason. G.E. makes every major component that goes into its system. Every part is *matched* to work perfectly with the rest. This means maximum efficiency, dependable performance and quiet operation.

Call for free survey. If you have forced-air heat, find out how easy it is (and how little it costs) to add G-E Central Air Conditioning to your home. Call your G-E dealer for a free installation estimate. Ask him, too, about his easy financing terms. There's no obligation. Find him in the Yellow Pages under "Air Conditioning Systems."

Make your house a "Home for All Seasons."

GENERAL ELECTRIC

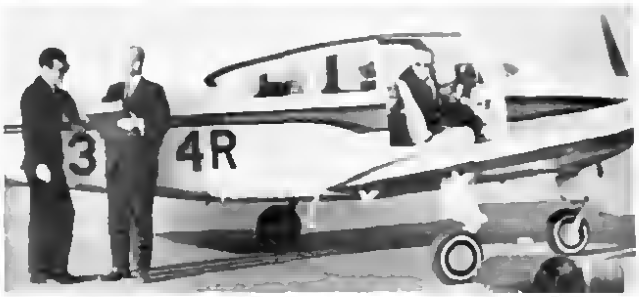
Make sure the other half is General Electric– the manufacturer that makes every major part of its system.



Sport III

ENJOY MORE OF THE THINGS YOU ENJOY. . . WITH A BEECHCRAFT

MUSKETEER III



Super III



Custom III

The quick, husky airplanes that put America's playgrounds in your own back yard!

The Masters is great on TV, but you ought to see it in person. That's *real* living color! How about taking in the Kentucky Derby? Have you ever been skiing in Aspen? The fall pheasant shooting is great in the Dakotas, and marlin are over-populating the Florida coastal waters.

If these are the things you enjoy, then you're the man for a Beechcraft Musketeer III. Beechcraft builds 3 models, any one of which can put you and your family within easy reach of the exciting events of modern America.

Yes, you! 370,000 free spirits hold private pilot's licenses, and membership ranks are still open. Every year, more people just like you are stepping forward... learning to fly a Beechcraft. If you're average, with or without glasses, you can get yours in about 40 hours of instruction.

And you'll probably have as much fun flying as you do when you get there. Very few sensations compare with the serenity and freedom of operating one of these husky and willing Musketeers. Instruments are simple, controls are understandable, operating costs compare favorably with a medium-priced car.

This year put America's playgrounds in your own back yard. Fly a Beechcraft Musketeer III, and see what living's really like.

Could your company use a competitive edge? Musketeers are great for business, too. Their speed, range, dependability, payload and economy make them ideal for quick calls at distant destinations.

FREE: "The Quality 3," a fully illustrated booklet on the 3 Musketeers. Write Beech Aircraft Corp., Marketing Services, 9759 E. Central, Wichita, Kansas 67201.

Beechcraft

Sports Illustrated
MARCH 26, 1966

GO-GO WITH BOBBY JOE

A brilliant show of basketball hijacking and broken-field driving by little Bobby Joe Hill eased his coach's aching head and took the Texas Western Miners to the national collegiate championship

by FRANK DEFORD

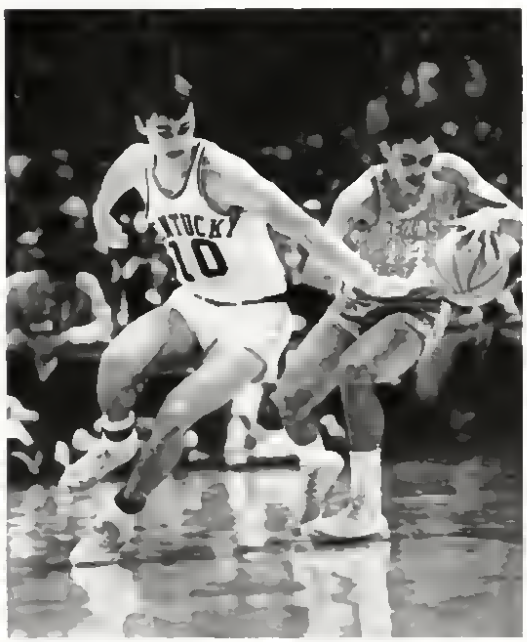
For weeks Don Haskins had splitting headaches—frightful, bursting pains that seemed to cleave his brain. The closer Texas Western (*see cover*) came to the national basketball championship, the worse the headaches became. Perhaps his suffering was attributable to the implausibility of it all, for near the end Haskins really began to wonder if maybe he wasn't knocking destiny just a little bit out of joint. He savored the situation, of course. He loved it. But now and then he would stop to muse on the "once in a lifetime" aspect, toying with the idea, mulling the whole amazing thing over in his aching mind. Did this happen to Jack Fleck? Or Roger Maris? What was Henry Moreno thinking when he held Dark Star up over Native Dancer?

For here, at the end, was Don Haskins—a young coach at a school that had never before even challenged for a national title in any sport—standing brazenly in the way of Kentucky and Adolph Rupp, a combination that spread-eagles both the history and glory of college basketball. Not only that, but Kentucky '66 was really a team touched by fate, a team overlooked by nearly everyone before the season, but everybody's favorite now.

Not that Texas Western had exactly been glorified. No Miner player had made an all-district team, much less an All-America. But the team just kept on winning and finally met Kentucky in the finals. And instead of Adolph Rupp winning his fifth national title, Don Haskins won his first. "I'm just a young punk," Haskins said. "It was a thrill playing against Mr. Rupp, let alone beating him."

The beating was sound as well as thrilling. Kentucky was a worn, haggard ball club when it faced Texas Western Saturday at College Park, Md., but that was no alibi, for Texas Western had come through a hard season, too. Essentially, the final game pitted Kentucky's offense against Texas Western's defense,

continued





Slick Bobby Joe twice steals the ball from Kentucky's Louie Dampier (above) and drives by Tommy Kron (opposite) for one of his many layups.

RICH CLARKSON


TEXAS
17
KENT
3

and it was the defense that held up. After only three days east of the Mississippi, Haskins and his Miners returned to El Paso with Texas' first national basketball title.

They had arrived on Thursday, St. Patrick's Day. Besides the headaches, Haskins had also been restless, sleeping uncomfortably amid the distractions. When a friend approached him during the nonstop flight from El Paso to Washington, Haskins said, "Hi, when did you get on?" Somebody gave him a 20-peso gold piece made into the shape of a money clip, and all the players received green string ties, which they looped about their necks. "My name's not *Mick* Shed, but I'll wear one anyway," said Forward Nevil (The Shadow) Shed. At their motel in College Park, which they shared with Duke, the Miners were like interlopers. The Duke fans overran the place. A huge banner, LET'S GO, DUKE, hung across the front windows.

A few minutes down the Beltway in Silver Spring, the Kentucky Wildcats already were ensconced in a motel. Pat Riley wore a fuzzy little shamrock in his lapel. "Conley's Irish, too," he said, "but he doesn't make as much of it as I do." If Riley resembled a happy Hibernian, Larry Conley didn't. He was a sick Hibernian. "The only green I've got is down in here," he said, coughing and pointing to his chest.

Like Bob Verga, Duke's star shooter, who just that morning had been released from the hospital, Conley had been ill all week. In fact, the whole Kentucky team was tired. Only Rupp, a remarkable old man hungry for his fifth NCAA championship, remained eager for the last two games of the season.

Haskins had a healthy team and an easier semifinal game. (TW played Utah, while Kentucky met Duke.) Still, Haskins was edgy. He yelled at Shed through much of practice, and even benched Bobby Joe Hill in disgust. "Isn't this the laziest bunch you've ever seen?" he asked. There is no pretense about Haskins. He is a Smokey Bear of a man, who walks in a shuffle, his feet pointed out. His wife was along, but Don has an understanding with Mary Haskins that when she goes on a basketball trip, she must stay away from him. He was rooming in Maryland with Bill Cornwall, an El Paso construction-supply executive, who is the team's lucky charm. Cornwall missed one road trip this year—to Seattle—and that was the only game Texas Western lost. After dinner on Thursday with Cornwall, Haskins agreed to take some sleeping pills, and he had his first good night's rest in weeks. Over in Silver Spring the Kentuckians were up much of the night caring for Larry Conley, who had no rest at all.

But Friday was to be Kentucky's day. Conley got out of bed around noon to take a walk with Spike Kerns, the Kentucky trainer. In College Park, Bob Verga was stirring "for a little sunshine," too. By now Rupp and his assistant, Harry Lancaster, had decided that if both invalids could play, sick Conley would guard sick Verga.

Conley came back from his walk with Kerns. His fever of 102° the night before had responded to treatment with what Rupp called "goose oil"—that's Vick's Vaporub in your neighborhood drugstore. But Conley had lost four pounds and a lot of strength, and it still hurt to sit down because of all the shots he had received.

Rupp called to check on Conley and then went to Washington to accept various Coach of the Year awards from an assemblage of basketball writers. Although other coaches spoke, too, Haskins made a particular hit with the story of how he got out of coaching girls' basketball. "I was tired of it," he explained, "so near the end of the season I suggested one day we scrimmage skins and shirts. I was coaching the boys the next year." His Texas Western players were out seeing the Capitol and the Washington Monument. They had hoped to have an audience with another Texan, but L.B.J. was busy.

The Kentucky cheerleaders were luckier. Kentucky Senator John Sherman Cooper had them over for lunch, and who should turn up at the next table but the man from U.N.C.L.E., Robert Vaughn. Crossing party lines and ignoring all the Senators, the girls swarmed around Vaughn.

Haskins was beginning to feel a little like those Senators. "I wonder," he said, on the way back to College Park, after sharing the floor with Rupp, "I really wonder whether he knows who I am yet. Oh, well," he shrugged, lighting

Victory-happy Westerners include cheerleaders and good luck charm Bill Cornwall (right).



another cigarette, "maybe he will by tomorrow night."

Rupp, in turn, was concerned only with Duke and a game that nearly everyone presumed would be the real championship test: whoever won would have no trouble with the western contender. At the start Kentucky rushed to a 23-14 lead. Conley hit his first shot, but in a a few minutes he began to gasp and took himself out. Verga went to the Duke bench soon after and he was never himself in this game. His illness had robbed him of the spring in his legs, and the power for the jump shot that had made him Duke's 19.2 scorer over the season. He made only one jumper and had four points in the game. "No spring, no bounce, no life," he said afterward. But Jack Marin, along with Center Mike Lewis, moved Duke back into the lead. Rupp tried to stop the Blue Devils with a one-three-one zone, but Duke shot that to bits quickly, and Kentucky hurried back to a man-to-man. Don Haskins, whose team had no shooters in Duke's class, was the most interested observer in the field house. He began to figure, correctly, that if Kentucky won and the Miners won, Texas Western would see that one-three-one zone in the finals.

The second half was a seesaw, until finally Riley and Louie Dampier put together a fast break that moved Kentucky ahead by four points with 3:31 left. The battle was even from there until Duke missed a good shot two minutes later. Tommy Kron got the rebound and pitched it out to Conley, who was moving up the middle on a three-on-two fast break. "I saw the Duke guys flare out just a little," he said later. He drove all the way in with virtually his last breath to give Kentucky an insurmountable six-point lead. "That was the tough one, that was the tough one," Vic Bubas said. Three times in four years Bubas had led his Duke team to the final four, only to lose.

Haskins' team, as expected, beat Utah, 85-78. All that kept Utah in contention was Jerry Chambers, probably the best player in the tournament. He made 38 points against the Miners, the most scored against them since Haskins arrived five years ago. When Haskins' four big men—Dave Lattin, Shed, Harry Flournoy and Willie Cager—got into foul trouble, he brought in Jerry Armstrong, and Armstrong came closer to stopping Chambers than the regulars had. The Miners won easily, but they were not happy. "The officials called it like a girls' game," said Lattin—Big Daddy D—who fouled out. "Baby fouls," said Shed. "They called baby fouls."

Haskins also was mad at the officials, and at his players as well. His head still hurt. He did pause to kiss his wife at the motel but then went off with Cornwall to have a few beers in his room. Suddenly, from the parking lot, there were loud, raucous noises that turned out to belong to some University of Maryland students with a few beers of their own. They were carousing aimlessly, but Haskins, worried that they would keep his players awake, invited them in. And then, through the early morning hours of the day he was to become coach of the national champions, Haskins sat and drank beer and made small talk with half a dozen strange kids. They liked him and listened to him, and when they left he gave them a few beers to take out. They went quietly, the Miners slept, and Haskins leaned back with a last beer and a thought. "Once in a lifetime," he said. "You know, this is once in a lifetime." It was pointed out that Haskins was young and would have another team in the championship. "No," he said. "No chance. Mr. Rupp is 64, and he made it a lot of times, but it's probably going to be just once in a lifetime for me."

Saturday was Texas Western's day, and it was the one that counted. It was to end in El Paso with bonfires and orange bunting all over town and two riot squads to calm down the homefolks. In Maryland the band played *Miners Fight* over and over, and they all screamed "We're No. 1." Haskins got more aspirin for his head and smoked more cigarettes and said, "This may never happen to me again." Before the game Haskins let his players do as they pleased—no chalk talks or strategy sessions. He had one surprise in store for Kentucky but planned to stick with his basic game, which is man-for-man on defense and a loose free-lance attack. Big Daddy D Lattin, Western's intimidator at center, slept most of the day, stirring only for meals and a chat

continued on page 60

Graceful one-hander contributes to tournament record 143 points by Utah's Jerry Chambers





Soaring and snaking through 71 gates with such speed that the race was over almost before it began, Jean-Claude Killy won the giant slalom

FRANCE HAS A PICNIC IN VERMONT

Spring came to Stowe last weekend, and so did the world's best skiers for the U.S. Alpine Championships. The meet turned out to be a feast for the slaloming French, and a rare famine for the Austrians

by DAN JENKINS

You would have thought the Common Market was at stake, or perhaps a magnum of Dom Pérignon, the way the French skied last week in the U.S. Alpine Championships at Stowe. They skied so fast it was as difficult to find an Austrian with a medal as it was an American. That was because the French – you know the ones, Jean-Claude Killy (SI, Feb. 21), Guy Perillat, Marielle Goitschel, all those names that are as familiar to Alpine racing as Arnold Palmer is to smoking—didn't leave anything of much value lying around on the now hot and now cold slopes of Vermont.

The French were so complete about it that they flew off to Sun Valley with six of the eight prizes that were offered, their men and women capturing four races and two combined titles. Or, to put it another way, they collected everything available after the first day when a couple of unknown Swiss splashed to victory in what may have been the dampest downhill this side of Snoqualmie.

If the events at Stowe were an indication of what is to be expected this week in the American International Team races – the Werner Cup – at Sun Valley, then the Austrians, Americans, Swiss and Canadians may simply decide to spend their time looking for Norma Shearer and Ann Sothern down at the Boiler Room in the Sun Valley Lodge. It appears the imposing French will win the team championship by the length of Jean-Claude Killy's name. They were devastating in Vermont, denying the favored and always confident Austrians a single victory in a major Alpine competition for the first time since the invention of stretch pants.

Guy Périllat, a quiet, trim veteran of world racing, led the assault. He won the slalom by a single snowflake over Killy, with Léo Lacroix third, Hugo Nindl fourth and America's Jimmy Heuga fifth, and he took the combined championship as well—again narrowly over Killy. But the dashing Jean-Claude won the giant slalom, satisfying his growing list of admirers, and Marielle Goitschel took the slalom. The French even had the audacity to run in a new heroine, Florence Steurer. This 16-year-old merely won the giant slalom and the women's combined. The French did not just settle for winning four races, they were one, two, three in both the men's slalom and giant slalom, and they were one and two in both the women's slalom and giant slalom. Look at it this way, the Austrians were so thoroughly rattled that Karl Schranz fell in the slalom race on Sunday, and Schranz normally wouldn't fall if he were hit by a Sno-Cat. A lot of Americans fell, too, mind you, but then they always do. The Austrian men, on the other hand, almost never do, yet two of



On the last day of the races Killy's teammate, Guy Perillat, took both the prizes still unclaimed—the slalom and the men's overall combined.

them crashed in the downhill, one of them tumbled in the giant slalom, and two more went down in the slalom.

The French were so good, the Austrians so mysteriously disappointing, that the struggling Americans came off exceptionally well despite the fact that Billy Kidd, the best U.S. racer, was too seriously injured the ankle again—to be a threat, and Jean Saubert, our top girl, was sadly off form. Jimmy Heuga and Wendy Allen took over as patriotically as if they were carrying American flags down Mt. Mansfield and a lot of prestige was salvaged when Heuga placed third in the men's combined and Wendy grabbed second in the ladies' combined.

Not only that, but Heuga and Wendy Allen got some help from a whole lift line of young American boys and girls who provided some happy promise for the program of Coach Bob Beattie and created hope for the FIS World Championships in Portillo, Chile next August.

"Over all, I think we ought to be delighted with the results," said Beattie. "Here we were practically helpless without Billy Kidd, but our girls really came through and Heuga was as tough as you could expect, considering he was practically on the hill by himself."

Early this winter in Europe Kidd and Killy ruled the slopes, but then Billy took a fall in Austria that put him on crutches for two weeks. He tried to get in shape to race at Stowe, his home town, because he knew there would be 5,000 spectators lining the courses, most of whom he would know by their first names. He reinjured the ankle just a few days prior to the Stowe races in a minor race in Steamboat Springs, Colo., however, and when he showed up in Vermont with a limp it looked as if the meet was over for America before it started. Kidd was so determined to make an appearance, at least, that he put a ton of tape—well, seven pounds, someone said—on his weak left ankle. He ran the downhill and got a lot of cheers, but he placed 18th. He tried again in the giant slalom but knew after the first gate that it was useless, and a short way down the hill he sat down in the snow like a beginner. At the slalom he was just another spectator.

"I wouldn't be any help to the team in Sun Valley," said Billy, "and I hated to put Boh in a spot by making him let me race here. I'm off the hill now. I'm going to do nothing but try to get my ankle strong. Fortunately, the world championships are a long way off and maybe I can."

That may or may not matter to the French. As Perillat said, "I'm skiing better than I have in years, because our team as a whole is stronger and we have fantastic spirit. Our girls may be the best that skiing has ever seen."

Jean-Claude Killy has an even simpler explanation: "We are simply the best in the world." Killy was joking, but facts will be facts, and even bad weather can't drown them.

The weather for the downhill on Friday would have been perfect for drinking lemonade while lounging in a hammock. It was clear, warm and still, and the very mountain was threatening to melt and run off into Lake Champlain.

From 7:30 a.m. until race time at 10, Stowe President Sepp Ruschp had every member of the ski patrol and all of the instructors skiing on the mush in an effort to sweep and pack it for the competitors. More than 50 skiers made more than 200 runs down the Nose Dive race course, but the warmth persisted, the slush got slushier, and there weren't enough ice cubes in the entire Vermont village to have halted the thaw.

Until the day of the race, it had been assumed that the downhill would be the fastest ever seen at Stowe. The classic old Nose Dive had received a nose job in the past year to make it conform to the strict FIS safety regulations, and the famous seven narrow turns at the top

continued

had been reduced to four. The rest of the run was almost straight with not one hump big enough to send a racer into the air, even at 60 miles an hour.

But spring came to Vermont the night before the downhill and brought a new challenge to the racers. Mainly, one had to stay in the deep tracks of those who went ahead if he hoped to make time or even stay erect. In Alpine racing the best skiers are seeded first, when the course is normally faster and smoother. But when something odd happens, like a spring thaw causing the trail to get soft and moist, the late starters have an advantage. The course grows faster as skis press the moisture out of the snow.

Marielle Goitschel, the best woman skier in the world, had the misfortune to be first girl out of the starting gate on Friday. Halfway down the course she hit a sun-baked spot called Houghton Flat, and her skis threw up a rooster tail of slush. She went splat and out of the race.

"I fell," the boisterous French girl explained, "like you would in a bath."

As the early girls slashed downward their times showed incredible discrepancies of six and eight seconds, the later ones getting faster, the early ones shrugging off their poor times as acts of God.

What finally happened was not the Great Stowe Flood of 1966. It was simply the crowning of the first of a trio of totally unknown racers who would win the first three events, affording them as much glamour as the quicksand in the parking lots. Madeleine Wuilloud of Switzerland, a 20-year-old schoolgirl known only to her teammates, was the first who managed to get in the right tracks at the right time.

Madeleine won by more than a full second over a chum, Heidi Obrecht, and she credited the victory, rightfully, to her 15th-start position. Austria's heavily favored Christl Haas managed to salvage third place on sheer strength.

It was so unusual a race that a young American girl, Karen Korfanta, a University of Utah coed more interested in the NCAA basketball results than Vermont snow, started way back in 33rd position and skidded into fourth place. Day in and day out American girls finish after dark in the downhill, but there was Karen, blonde, pretty and astonished, being congratulated.

"Are you supposed to beat your friends like this?" someone asked her.

Karen shook her head slowly and gazed over the Vermont hills and said, "Golly, no—not in downhill."

If the downhill competition was unique for the girls, it was an outrageous statistical shambles for the men. Three of the first four were Swiss, six of the first 10 were second-seeded racers, four of the first 10 and eight of the first 20 were, of all people, Americans, and the guy who won was a Swiss who came from so far out of the pack he was suspected of sneaking through the woods.

Peter Rohr was the winner. No kidding. Peter Rohr is a 20-year-old nobody from Glarus who started 27th, and he beat Austria's Karl Schranz, who got second, by almost three seconds. Now you take Karl Schranz and Peter Rohr up on top of a downhill anywhere and give them both a shove, and Schranz ordinarily will get to the bottom two or three days quicker.

Wax had nothing to do with it. Rohr's mighty upset was purely the result of his having the fastest tracks to follow plus the skill he has developed in an extraordinary specialty. He is a strong young man who likes to engage in a pastime that horrifies most of his racing companions. Last summer, for example, he participated in the world speed-skiing trials in Italy—an experiment in which you race straight down a mountain simply to determine how fast a human can travel on skis. Rohr was clocked going over 100 miles an hour. The experiment even mystifies the speed-loving Jean-Claude Killy, who says, "If you're going to do such things, you might as well fall out of an airplane. That would even be faster." Rohr used an unusual tuck in the Stowe downhill, the same kind he used in the speed trials. He kept his head below his knees, and only glanced down the course every 100 yards or so, as if vaguely curious to see what lay ahead. All of these things—his good starting position, his unusual posture, the straighter-than-normal Nose Dive course, the good tracks—combined to give him the victory.

Even the Americans had to admit that it was something of a freak downhill for them to place four in the top 10, led by Heuga's surprising fifth. Heuga is a slalom specialist, one of the better ones, and this was his best downhill finish in elite company.

"I'm skiing better than I have all year,

Wendy Allen of San Pedro, California was fifth in the slalom, second in the women's combined



but starting 18th had to help a lot," said Jimmy.

As surprising as Heuga's fifth place was, it was less of an astonishment than the fact that the Swiss not only took first place, but third with Edmund Bruggmann and fourth with Jean-Daniel Datwyler, all of those red sweaters surrounding the second-place Schranz in his shiny black racing suit that makes him look like a skiing frogman.

Thus, the first day ended as it started —with freak results to match the freak weather.

Saturday was entirely different. The hot weather disappeared along with the Swiss. In came some cold wind, a bit of snow and rain, and the French. It was the day of the giant slalom and, finally, of Jean-Claude Killy's victory, bringing reality to the meet. It was also a day of still another upset.

The upset was provided by tiny Florence Steurer, the daughter of a dentist in Lyon. She claimed that never in her life had she ever won a race against anyone like Marielle Goitschel, Annie Famose or Christl Haas except when they overslept.

She won by $^{4}/_{10}$ of a second over Famose, while Austria's Traudl Hecher took third and Marielle Goitschel, still off form, settled for fourth. America's promising Wendy Allen, a cute brunette who looks like a member of a road company of *The Sound of Music*, was fifth. It was a real race. Less than one second separated Mademoiselle Steurer, a little, freckled, doll-like blonde, from Wendy Allen on a good course that wove through 43 gates.

The men's giant slalom was over minutes after it began, when Jean-Claude Killy, starting second, posted a time that was obviously unapproachable. The giant slalom course, starting on the famed National course and going into the bottom of Nose Dive, was much faster for the men. Not only was the wind blowing and the temperature dropping, but Sepp Ruschp's crew had seeded the entire run with snow cement, ammonium-chloride salt that causes wet snow to freeze into an icy crust.

Down under a roof of dark clouds came Killy, as relaxed as a ski instructor on a beginners' slope. As he first came into view he seemed to be going slowly, like a racer who had fallen farther up on the course and was just cooling it to the bottom. But suddenly he blazed into a final schuss, and you knew he was serious. He had taken a couple of hairpin turns with caution, but he had made good time above and knew it.

At the bottom he waited patiently, chatting with reporters and friends, and when each subsequent time was announced he made gestures and faces of satisfaction and relief for his admirers. Killy had to breathe his biggest sigh when teammate Guy Perillat finished only $^{1}/_{10}$ of a second behind him.

Killy didn't clown, as he often does. That came two days earlier during nonstop training for the downhill when he leaped into the starting gate with Rip McManus, a former U.S. racer who was forerunning the course. Killy grabbed McManus' arm and sailed down the first 100 yards with him before turning McManus loose and trailing along behind him, crouching, one ski ahead of the other, one arm outstretched holding a pole in the middle, the other arm behind. There he was, going straight down at 40 miles an hour, posed like a statue of the discus thrower and hollering indistinguishable French.

The French literally cleared the mountain in the giant slalom. In addition to Killy's victory and Perillat's second place, Georges Maudit was third and Léo Lacroix was fifth. The only racer to break it up was Heuga, who came in fourth. The Swiss were way out of it, and so, stunningly, were the Austrians.

"I raced well," Killy said. "I took the gates close because I thought the snow was good. Some were afraid of it and went wide."

Heuga's pleasure was mixed. "I could not have caught Killy," he said. "But I could have done about two seconds better. I took three gates wrong. Our girls told me to watch these specific gates, so I went wide, figuring I'd have trouble. I didn't have to. Boy, those girls. They're never right."

Neither were the Austrians last week, but now comes Sun Valley. It will be the last big Alpine race before Portillo. It will prove whether the French are as overwhelming as they seem to be and, with Billy Kidd absent, it will once again give Bob Beattie a chance to console the Americans—and maybe the Austrians, who are normally inconsolable in defeat—with one of his favorite statements: "A ski race is only important until it's over." END

Slalom expert Jimmy Heuga of Tahoe City, Calif. was fifth in the downhill, third in the combined







ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID NOYES

SHOWDOWN WITH A PUNCHING BAG

In the fight that no one wanted, challenger George Chuvalo's hopes lie in wearing out Cassius Clay with his durable chin

by TEX MAULE

In Toronto next week Muhammad (Cassius Clay) Ali will defend his heavyweight championship of all the world—except, of course, the enfeebled world of the World Boxing Association—against the offslaught of George Chuvalo, a Canadian heavyweight who recently has proved he can't whip an egg without an electric beater.

The bout will take place before some 17,500 spectators in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens and possibly not many more in the few theaters in the U.S. foolhardy—or courageous—enough to sign up with Main Bout, Inc., the theater-TV promoter that includes Black Muslims. All in all, Muhammad and the Muslims stand to make no more than cigarette money out of the fiasco—which should be sufficient, since Muslims do not smoke.

"I don't figure to make better than $2,000 on this fight," Muhammad said at the Fifth Street Gym in Miami Beach, where he did his early training. "But I don't need no money. I just want to defend the title."

Whatever remote chance Chuvalo has in this flagrant mismatch stems from the difficulty Clay has had in maintaining the continuity of his training schedule in the face of the vicissitudes (mostly of his own making) which have beset this bout from its inception.

Originally, Clay was to have fought the NBA world champion, Ernie Terrell, in Madison Square Garden, but Terrell flew on a Chicago-to-New York plane with a gentleman named Bernie Glickman, once a friend of Frank Carbo and perhaps still a guiding influence in the fighter's career. That cooked Terrell with the New York Athletic Commission.

So the fight was hastily moved to Chicago. It stayed there just long enough for Clay's Louisville draft board to reclassify him from 1-Y to 1-A, an intellectual upgrading that failed to titillate Cassius one bit. In fact he was so moved by the absurdity of a warrior of his stature being asked to fight that he signed a verbal peace treaty on the spot. "I don't have no personal quarrel with them Viet Congs," he said. At which point Chicago promptly backed out. So, too, did his home base of Miami Beach, reacting to pressure from the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and a variety of politicians. Then most of the 170 theaters that had signed up to show the fight also canceled.

continued

Watched by a Vietnam soldier and a Black Muslim, Clay belabors the Chuvalo image

So Clay returned to Miami Beach and tried to concentrate on training again, while the fight promoters—primarily Main Bout, Inc.—seurried about trying to find another city willing to risk its image by allowing the fight to go on. At this time, remember, it was still a fairly attraetive fight, matehing Clay with the No. 1 contender, Ernie Terrell, and Montreal, Louisville and even Huron, South Dakota, were interested. Eventually, however, they beeame as disenchanted as everyone else and it was not until a reluctant Toronto finally admitted the touring show to the big Maple Leaf Gardens that the fight had a home again. Clay wearily hroke camp once more to go to Toronto for the signing, while a wearier Main Bout, Inc. began to aceustom itself to a hundred rather than the original 170 theater outlets.

Clay got to Toronto, hut Terrell, offered something much less than his original guarantee, followed the lead of New York, Chicago, Miami Beach, Louisville and points west. In short, *he* backed out, perhaps prompted by the sudden realization that, fight or no fight, he would occupy the top of the heavyweight heap once Clay entered the Army.

At this development, theater-TV contracts had to be rewritten. Main Bout, Inc. could sign only 21 cities. But as long as they had at least an arena in Toronto, the promoters decided that any bout was better than none and settled upon Chuvalo as Clay's opponent.

Chuvalo had qualified for this honor by losing two of his last three fights, including a sound trouncing by Terrell in Toronto. One of his conquerors was Eduardo Corletti, an Argentine heavyweight whose principal claim to fame is that he once was knocked out by Floyd Patterson's younger brother.

So Clay broke camp again and went to Toronto to sign the papers. In Toronto the fight was now advertised as being between Clay, the people's champion, and Chuvalo, the Canadian champion. His lack of training, Clay said, was one of the pluses of the promotion.

"People want to see me beat," he said. "They better get tickets to this one. So far, I broke camp five times and missed three days training. I ain't near ready."

He was right. In Miami two weeks before the fight he weighed 220 pounds, 10 pounds more than he did the night he demolished Floyd Patterson in Las Vegas. Preparing to enter the ring, Clay pinched a small roll of fat at his waist and patted himself on his ample rump.

But Clay moved with all of his old grace and speed in the ring as he worked six rounds with Jimmy Ellis and one with big Mel Turnbow. Ellis is a very fast heavyweight who once beat Clay in an amateur fight. Angelo Dundee, Clay's trainer, kept yelling at Ellis to jab the champion, but Ellis, ignoring the pleas, contented himself with letting Clay lead before jabbing.

"Man, that's a good way to lose your head," Ellis said, in explaining his disobedience of orders. "You lead with your left against him, pow! He hit you with a right over the left. No matter how fast you are I let him uncock his gun before I fire mine."

With the bigger Turnbow, Clay leaned on the ropes, his hands on Turnbow's shoulders, and let his opponent beat a heavy tattoo on his belly, anticipating the body punches that are Chuvalo's forte. Near the end of the round he sagged dramatically to the floor after a particularly hard punch and grimaced as if he were in pain. It was an act that would have got him the hook in small-town vaudeville.

"Sure he hurt me," he said in answer to a question. "He hit me right here." He touched himself on the solar plexus. "It still hurts."

He moved restlessly around the gym as he talked, obviously disturbed over the uproar his injudicious remarks about Vietnam had caused.

"How can I get myself ready?" he said angrily. "All these people so mad at me. Can't even fight in my country. People here in Miami Beach, they can't even see the fight. They all hate me."

He sat nervously on the edge of a rubbing table. "No," he said. "One thing I ain't is a Uncle Tom. I'm a *warrior*. I'm a warrior on the Battleground of Freedom."

He lay down on the table and did some sit-ups. "Chuvalo got a good chance," he said. "I got to stick and move and punch. You don't know how hard that can get. I mean you get arm weary, then you got to spend a round just jabbing away, putting on a show, resting to get your strength back. And I ain't gonna have no friends in that ring, either. Does he hit me low, hit me on the back of the head, maybe butt me in the face? Ain't no referee gonna say anything to him about that. But if I did that, watch out! It ain't gonna be so easy. But I'm the greatest. Ain't no little man in a ring hig enough for me. Senators and governors talk about me."

It is doubtful that senators and governors devote much oratory to George Chuvalo, the unlikely challenger. Chuvalo, in preparation for this match, has moved out of his home in Toronto, leaving behind his wife and four children, and has sequestered himself in the Seaway Towers. Every morning at 7 Chuvalo does four miles of interval training—sprinting awhile, then jogging, then sprinting again. At 2 in the afternoon he boxes four rounds with each of three good sparring partners—Hubert Hilton, until last month the ninth-ranked heavyweight; Greatest Crawford; and Richie Pittman, who has worked as a sparring partner with Clay, Patterson and Sonny Liston.

Chuvalo's style has not changed; it remains unimpressive. As always before, he moves stubbornly ahead, almost disregarding defense, punching heavily to the body and kidneys, more often in combinations than before, but no faster of hand or foot. He is confident.

"My only concern is that I have Cassius Clay in the ring," he says, a smile softening his thoroughly battered features. Thickset, deep chested with bunchy museles, he contrasts sharply with Clay. "I've been after him for years, and now he's mine. Believe me, I will make the most of the opportunity. When I beat him, it will be for the heavyweight title, period."

This last was because there has been some reluctance in Toronto and elsewhere to consider this a title fight. Commissioner Merv McKenzie wanted the fight to go 14 or 16 rounds so that it would not be championship length. The fight, in fact, is called "the heavyweight showdown." It is not billed as a championship, even though it is.

Chuvalo will crowd Clay, try to slow him down with body punches, and, as usual, take many blows in order to accomplish his purpose. Seriously considering his chances, he says, "I am the most durable fighter around today. I've never been off my feet, and I've already proved I can go 15 rounds without any trouble. Can Clay say the same thing? It seems to me he had trouble going 12 rounds with Patterson, and that was with a cripple. Well, he can count on *my* back being in

splendid shape along with every other part of my body."

Chuvalo has been accused of being a dumb fighter, a charge he resents. "They say that because I don't stick and move," he said. "Well, I'm not built to stick and move. I'd be dumb if I tried it. I fight my way, and I think it will be good enough."

With his manager, Irv Ungerman, Chuvalo makes up a minority of two who hold this opinion. "We believe we have a hell of a chance," says Ungerman. "Why else are we taking the fight? It's certainly not for the money, because we are not going to take anything out of this fight. George has never let anyone down. He's brave, and he's determined and, like always, he'll give his all, and I believe that will be sufficient."

Whatever happens, this may be the last opportunity anyone will have to see Clay at, or near, his best. He probably will serve his two-year Army stint in one capacity or another before he fights again, and he has a tendency to fatten excessively when he is idle. Only if he is allowed to fight exhibitions or, barring that, if he determinedly keeps in training will he be anything like his old self when he gets out at 26. Neither "if" is likely to occur, particularly the latter one, since Clay is not much addicted to hard training.

Despite Chuvalo's optimism, the principal interest in this fight will be to discover just how much punishment Chuvalo can absorb and just how hard Clay can hit. Chuvalo is neither quick enough with his hands or on his feet to pose a threat to Clay, and Clay should hit him at will.

"Pop, pop with the left hand, step left and cross the right," Dundee said the other day. "That's what you do to Chuvalo, and he has never learned how to avoid it. That's probably what we will do, too."

If Chuvalo is as durable as he says, the fight could go 15 rounds to a unanimous decision for Clay. If not, it will probably end in a knockout or a TKO. Chuvalo does not cut easily but he has not fought Clay; he may be cut in this one and the fight stopped.

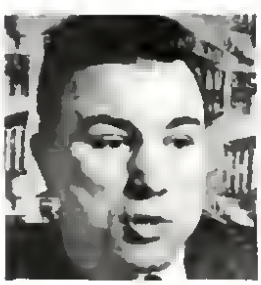
Not that very many people really seem to care.

"I have dreamed about this"

Were courage and condition the only criteria in boxing George Chuvalo would have to be favored over Clay. Here, with no traces of modesty, the Canadian tells Sports Illustrated's Morton Shamik how he plans to win a knighthood.

I'm a legitimate contender. I'm ranked in the top 10. Doug Jones was next in line after Terrell, and I beat him, knocked him out. I'm tough and I'm strong, and I have been waiting for 10 years to get a title shot. And Clay owes me a fight. He ran out on a contract to fight me November 8, 1963.

Getting the fight the way I did doesn't embarrass me. I am just thankful that I have the chance. This is all I have thought about for the last few years. I dream



about this constantly, seldom in my sleep but while I am lying on the table before a fight or after a workout.

I suppose I could win a decision over Clay, but that isn't likely. When I see myself, I am always standing over him. I plan to put pressure on Clay from the first bell and never let up. The hardest part of the fight for me will be the first 10 rounds. After



that he will be worn down. I am strong, my stamina is exceptional. Fifteen rounds is no problem for me. It is for Clay. That's the key, my strength and stamina against his speed. By the 12th round he will be in trouble, and then I will take him out.

I'm not a dirty fighter like some people claim. They accuse me of butting, but I have never done that purposely (at least not consciously). I learned early to keep my head low, and since most of my opponents are taller than me they sometimes get bumped by my head, but it has happened to me, and I accept it as an accident.

Sure I'm a rough fighter. First of all, I like to fight in close. There's more body contact, and the fight has a different feeling at this range. When I am in close I feel that I am the boss, and I try to make sure that my opponent knows it.

I will treat Clay as roughly as I can whenever I can. My aim is to impose my will over him. I know Clay respects me. He knows that I won't be shook up by being in the ring with him, so this won't be as difficult as it sounds. I think Clay will quit if he is hurt, and I intend to hurt him.

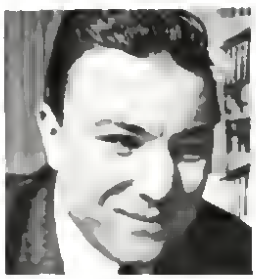
In Lewiston I yelled at Clay. I felt in my own mind that he knew he did not hit Liston with a good shot, and there he was, strutting like a peacock. It upset me, and I wanted to fight him right then.

Clay is not what the public thinks he is. Essentially, he is a very nice guy. I like him but that won't stop me in



the ring. I'll tell myself I hate Clay because he is standing in my way.

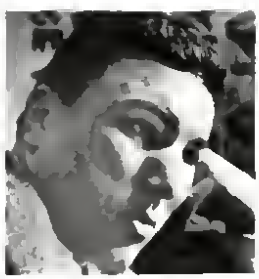
I don't think the term white hope has any meaning today. People don't care if a fighter is white or black. They just want to see Clay knocked off. They resent Clay as a person, as an individual, not because of his color. Look at Patterson. Everyone rooted for Floyd. I don't

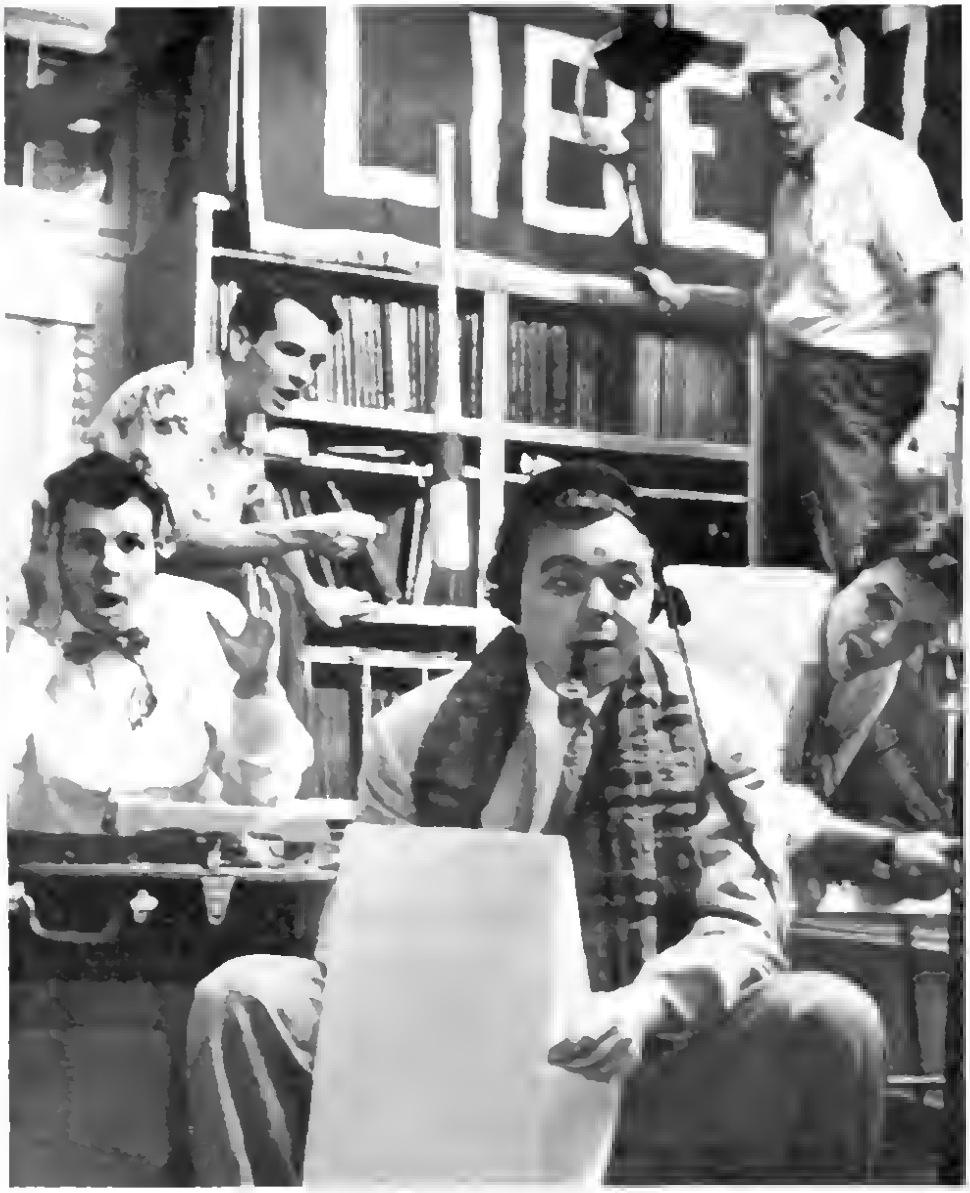


want to be a white hope. It's silly and it's embarrassing.

If I win, maybe I'll be knighted. *Sir George Chuvalo. 'Ows that for a 'andle, Guv?* Now I'll have to worry about having tea with the Queen. I don't think I'd know what to say.

I am thinking only of winning. It is easier to plan on winning, you know.





Before baseball expanded, much of the country listened to games 're-created' by Gordon McLendon (with pipe), who called himself the Old Scotchman, and an array of gag-minded sound-effects men

A STADIUM INSIDE A STUDIO

by LINDSEY NELSON with AL HIRSHBERG

My first real training for the Mets' announcing job came when I went to Dallas to join Gordon McLendon's Liberty Broadcasting System in 1951. McLendon, an ardent sports fan who couldn't get a job with any of the existing radio networks after World War II, solved the problem by starting his own. With a minimum of cash and a maximum of nerve, ingenuity, enterprise and imagination Gordon ran his Liberty network up to a fantastic 458 stations before it collapsed about a year after I arrived on the scene.

The foundation of the Liberty network was built on a system of broadcasting ball games known as re-creations. This was handled by an announcer in a studio relaying telegraphic reports to his own audience over the air. The reports, direct from the ball park where the game was being played, consisted of the barest information transmitted in a simple code that any baseball fan could easily interpret.

In the network's early days Western Union would furnish a telegraphic description of any major league game for a flat rate of $27.50, as long as you had the permission of the home team. Ball clubs, after some early resistance, agreed to let their games be broadcast to far-off communities. It was, after all, good publicity not only for the team but for its city, and it certainly wouldn't hurt the attendance.

McLendon sold his re-creations for something like $10 a game, with the station also paying its own telephone line charges. The more stations, the lower the line charges for any individual station, because each had to pay the charges only

© 1966 [illegible]

to the nearest city already getting the re-creations which, in turn, paid only to *its* nearest city.

This was the first time major league baseball on a day-by-day basis had ever been available by radio to cities off the big-league beaten path. None of the franchises had yet been moved, so the big leagues were still confined to the northeastern part of the country. All the rest was wide open. McLendon simply moved in and took over the West Coast, the Southwest and the South, where he and his network soon became better known among sports fans than far more famous announcers and far more solid companies.

McLendon became popular by the original manner in which he and his staff re-created games. Some announcers around the country played them straight, simply repeating to their audiences the bare facts that came over the telegraphic wires. This, of course, resulted in dull presentations with long gaps between pitches or plays. The better announcers filled the gaps with comments about the game and the players and other bits of information.

Gordon went further. By using all sorts of mechanical devices, he made a re-creation sound as if the game were being broadcast direct from the ball park. He got so excited—and demanded the same excitement from his announcers—that Liberty's re-creations were often more interesting than broadcasts direct from the scene.

There were always four turntables of recordings going in the studio, two with general crowd noises and two with excited crowd noises. The audio engineer would fade these in to fit the narration. The announcer wore a headset so he could hear the crowd, which had an amazing effect on him. As the crowd got excited, he got excited. His voice rose automatically, and he would transmit his own excitement to the audience. Sometimes the engineer would beef up the crowd noise even if nothing happened on the field to justify it. The announcer then had to invent a reason—perhaps a spectator making a sensational catch of a foul ball into the stands, or a peanut vendor falling downstairs, or a couple of guys getting into a fight.

In the interest of accuracy McLendon sent an engineer to every ball park in the big leagues to tape the playing of the national anthem and other local music, as well as crowd sounds. When, for example, somebody yelled above the crowd at Fenway Park it was in a Boston accent and would be used in a Red Sox re-creation. When a Liberty announcer told his audience that Gladys Goodding would play *The Star-Spangled Banner* on the organ from Ebbets Field in Brooklyn, listeners actually heard organ music played by Gladys Goodding from Ebbets Field.

When McLendon began re-creating oldtime games he referred to himself as "the Old Scotchman," to perpetrate a character of such ancient vintage he could recall the incidents from personal memory. At the time Gordon himself was not yet 30, but millions of listeners pictured him as a very old man. Even when broadcasting a modern game, Gordon liked to identify himself as the Old Scotchman.

The Liberty Broadcasting System grew and grew, until it was exceeded only by Mutual in the number of affiliate stations. By that time we used station breaks identifying ourselves—with perfect accuracy—as "America's second largest network."

It was a peculiar period in the broadcasting industry. Television was still in its infancy, but everyone recognized it as the coming giant, and the big networks weren't paying much attention to radio, which they thought was dying. Their heaviest concentration was on television.

But there were vast areas of the country that weren't yet interconnected and couldn't get television live. Only kinescope television reached these areas. It was sometimes as much as a week old, nothing more than a novelty for those who could afford TV sets. And in those sections of the country radio was still very much alive, as Gordon McLendon well knew.

It was in this atmosphere that the Liberty Broadcasting System, the brainchild of one imaginative idea man, flourished. McLendon built it into a fantastic news operation that included some of radio's biggest names, people like William L. Shirer, Raymond Gram Swing, Joseph C. Harsch and Westbrook Van Voorhis. At one point, Mickey Rooney did a daily sports show for LBS. Besides the Dallas building, the network had offices and studios on Madison Avenue in New York and in Hollywood.

In accordance with FCC regulations we always announced before and after a game that it was a re-creation and not live, but this didn't mean anything to the audience. Everything sounded so realistic that people forgot the announcer was in a studio in Dallas instead of on the scene.

We used every device we could to make them think so. One day, while I was re-creating a game from Griffith Stadium in Washington, McLendon dropped by the studio, so I said, "Coming into our booth right now is the president of the Liberty Broadcasting System, Gordon McLendon."

Gordon leaned over and said into the microphone, "Ah, yes, Washington, D.C. And at this time of the year the cherry blossoms are beautiful."

He didn't say we were in Washington—only that the cherry blossoms there were beautiful—which, of course, they are. And he was careful not to use the words "here" and "there." At Liberty these were poisonous during re-creations. "Here" would have been a direct lie and "there" a dead giveaway.

In order to enhance the re-creations, McLendon assigned somebody each day to act as the public-address announcer at the ball park. When there was a substitution or a change of pitchers or a pinch hitter he talked in the background, so that to listeners he sounded as if he were right at the field. This *continued*

'BACKSTAGE AT THE METS'

This article is adapted from the book "Backstage at the Mets," written by Lindsey Nelson and Al Hirshberg. The Viking Press will publish it in April ($3.95).

required an echo effect. One of Gordon's engineers decided the best place for this was the men's room, which was small and handy to the studio. Whenever we did a re-creation the men's room was closed to everyone but the "P.A. announcer." He would sit in the studio with whoever was broadcasting the game, watching the telegraphic ticker for his cue to go to his post. When he got there the broadcaster would say, "There's a new pitcher coming in, but we'll wait for the announcement."

From the men's room would come a muffled bellow, "Smith, No. 27, now pitching for Chicago." The man at the microphone would then say, "We have it now. Smith, No. 27, is in to pitch for the White Sox."

McLendon had begun his network in a basement studio at the Cliff Towers Hotel in Oak Cliff, across the river from Dallas. By the time I went to work for him—at $125 a week—he had moved to a two-story building at 2100 Jackson Street in downtown Dallas. Its most impressive feature was a huge map of the United States on the lobby wall, with the cities linked together by lines crisscrossing each other. I made the same mistake everyone else did. I assumed it was a map of the Liberty network. Actually, it was an American Airlines map.

The first person Gordon introduced me to was John Kieran Jr., son of the author and former *New York Times* sports columnist. Johnny, who had been at Yale when Gordon was there, was his culture man. His title was Assistant to the President, but his principal job was to turn out epigrams for use in the appropriate places on the air. We all had instructions to fit them in wherever we could. Gordon had two favorites. At the bottom half of the first inning he would say, "It's the home half of the hello frame." And when the home team came up in the last of the ninth, four or five runs behind, he proclaimed that "the prospects are as black as the inside of a cat."

On my first day at work both McLendon and Kieran told me to wander around and make myself at home.

"I want you just to get familiar with the operation for a few days," Gordon said. "You can go on the air after you get the hang of things around here."

That afternoon I opened a door and found McLendon sitting on a bar stool looking over the shoulder of a telegraph operator and re-creating a ball game. Kieran was at a typewriter nearby. When I appeared McLendon announced, "And now, coming in to do the play-by-play, the new voice of the Liberty Broadcasting System, Lindsey Nelson." Then he and Kieran got up and walked out.

I didn't know the score, the inning or even who was playing. All I could do was slide onto the stool and see what the operator, a wonderful guy named Jack Marshall, was typing. An old McLendon hand, he recognized my predicament instantly and wrote something like, "Reds leading 4–1, Blackwell pitching, Bell up for Pirates, one out, nobody on, last of fifth." By having Blackwell paw the earth around the pitcher's mound, reach for the rosin bag, lean forward for the sign and nod his head, I managed to stall long enough to get organized.

The only times we were ever in real trouble with re-creations were when the telegraph line went dead. When this happened to me one day I made the pitcher sound slower than cold molasses. The best stalling device was to have him bend down and tie his shoelace. This guy couldn't get his tied at all. He kept straightening up, looking for the sign, throwing to first base to hold the runner on, kicking the rubber, going to the rosin bag and bending down to tie his shoelace.

Finally, I just had to start the ball game again, so I had him throw ball one. I continued to stall, hoping the wire would come alive, and finally ran the count to three balls and two strikes. Then I used foul balls until they were sprayed all over the park. I had the batter hitting about 15 fouls and the pitcher endlessly stopping to tie his shoelaces before the ticker started clattering again.

"Runner out stealing 2–4," came the message.

Action at last! I was overjoyed.

"Now," I said, "the runner at first takes his lead, the pitcher is up and set. He stretches, checks the runner . . . here's the pitch . . . it's outside . . . the runner's going . . . the catcher throws . . . he's out!"

Only then did I realize that I had thrown a base runner out at second on a base on balls to the batter. Even the Mets never did that. I was 10 years ahead of my time.

Sometimes Liberty managed to get ahead of the ball game. The Mutual Broadcasting System did certain big-league ball games live, resulting in competitive broadcasts in many cities around the country if we happened to be re-creating the same game. Fans often switched their dials back and forth to make comparisons. When the game was dull or the live crowd apathetic Mutual suffered. They couldn't make excitement where there wasn't any, but we could. They couldn't anticipate what might happen either, but we weren't afraid to anticipate anything that seemed logical.

We did almost as many games live as we re-created. McLendon, with his colossal nerve and friendly charm, had long since obtained permission to put our telephone lines into most of the major league parks. Later, probably on the theory that McLendon would do the games anyhow, every major league team except the St. Louis Cardinals granted him broadcasting rights to any game on the regular season's schedule.

Since he loved both baseball and travel, McLendon personally did as many games live as he could. The 1951 National League race was a frenetic stretch run between the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants. Gordon was on the road with one or the other for most of the month of September, while we re-created whatever other game had any bearing on the race.

The Giants closed the season in Boston and the Dodgers in Philadelphia on a Sunday afternoon. McLendon decided to report the Giant game live and arrange to have the Dodgers play-by-play sent to us in Dallas. Naturally, we couldn't do both games at once, but if the Dodger game continued after the Giant game ended we would start re-creating it when Gordon went off the air.

Our big competition that day was Mutual, which also did the Giant game live. When the Giants won in Boston that ended Mutual's baseball play-by-play, but we picked up the Dodger game, which lasted 14 innings. Although a re-creation, it sounded live, and I'm sure most of our listeners were under the impression that it was.

The season ended in a tie, so Gordon went to New York to do the three-game playoff between the Giants and the Dodgers. The first was in Brooklyn, with the next two in New York. Although these games were not part of the regular season's schedule, Gordon simply went

continued


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in and broadcast them without checking anyone for permission, perhaps because he assumed he already had permission. The Giants won the first game and the Dodgers the second, so the playoff went down to the final game.

As soon as the second game ended we had a telephone call in Dallas from a New York advertising agency asking if we would be interested in buying the broadcast rights to the third. Obviously the caller didn't know that we had already done the first two. We decided the best thing to do was stall him off. We told him we'd let him know, and then we closed the switchboard.

It stayed closed for the next 24 hours. The Liberty Broadcasting System didn't reopen for business until that third playoff game was over. That was the day of Bobby Thomson's historic home run, which won the pennant for the Giants. With no phones to answer and no recreations to make we all sat entranced as we listened to it at the studio in Dallas. It was one of the most dramatic sports broadcasts I ever heard. Gordon's opening line was something like, "From the bay of Tokyo to the tip of Land's End . . . *this* is the day." From then on he pulled out all the stops, and that, I'm sure, was the high point of his announcing career. It was also the high point of the network's.

We had a heavy football schedule. On Friday nights we broadcast University of Miami games, on Saturday afternoon eastern college games followed by West Coast college games, on Saturday nights Louisiana State games and on Sundays two National Football League games, usually one from the East, the other from the West.

Obviously, I had to do a lot of traveling. I cut the schedule so thin that I never knew whether I'd arrive at a game on time or not. One day Gordon told me to negotiate for the rights to the Senior Bowl game, which then was carried by CBS, so I set up a meeting in New York with the Senior Bowl general manager, Rea Schuessler. The only time we could find was Sunday morning. I was doing the Tennessee-Mississippi game at Oxford, Miss. on Saturday afternoon, and the Cleveland Browns-New York Giants game at the Polo Grounds on Sunday.

I flew to Memphis, where I rented a car and drove to Oxford. There was a flight out of Memphis for New York that I could just about make if the game didn't take too long, but it was touch and go. On the road back to Memphis the car suddenly coughed and died on me. I grabbed my bag and typewriter and started hitchhiking. A pickup truck took me to the outskirts of Memphis, where I got a cab to the airport.

My plane was long gone, but there was a flight to St. Louis with a close connection with a New York flight. I made it by a hair, arriving in New York tired but triumphant early Sunday morning.

Schuessler came over to see me at the hotel. After he left I called McLendon in Dallas.

"Hello, Lindsey," he said. "Where are you, boy?"

"I'm in New York."

"Do we have something in New York today?"

"The Giants and the Browns."

"Great," he said. "I'll be listening."

"I almost didn't get here," I said. "My car broke down outside of Oxford."

There was a pause. Then Gordon said, "Well, you're there, aren't you?"

"Barely."

"Then what are you worried about?" he said.

Everything was just great with Gordon, and that was the trouble. While it was a delight to work for him, his casual optimism led to the undoing of the whole network. He trusted everyone, a dangerous thing to do when you're dealing with 458 affiliates all over the United States. We did everything on credit, with the result that we actually operated almost continually on a cash shoestring.

The crusher was the loss of our baseball sponsor, the Falstaff Brewing Corp., because of a disagreement on price. They switched over to Mutual for the 1952 season, and that was the beginning of the end for us. An added problem was the increasing difficulty in purchasing broadcasting rights. The ball clubs weren't so willing to let us in anymore.

One day I ran into one of the Liberty vice-presidents on the street in Dallas. He had just come from a meeting with McLendon and other officials and looked as if he had lost his last friend.

"Lindsey," he said, putting his arm around me, "if you were in a building that started collapsing around your ears what would you do?"

"I'd get out," I said.

"Well," he said, "what are you waiting for?"

I resigned the next morning. **END**

The Case of the Elastic Umbrella

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.,
President

Old Fitzgerald Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Under Chief Justice Marshall, the U. S. Supreme Court developed a rule permitting its members to "tipple" only on rainy days.

During a prolonged spate of sunny Washington weather, however, the ruling was interpreted to include all the territory under the court's jurisdiction. With so many legal minds at work, it was logical to assume that at any given moment somewhere in the continental U. S. or its outlying possessions, *somebody* was carrying an umbrella!

Covering a broader territory often brings more than a few advantages. Consider, for example, our modest family distillery, self-contained on a few secluded acres in Jefferson County, Kentucky.

A visitor might read with something less than conviction this sign at our distillery gate,—"We make fine Bourbon. At a profit if we can—a loss if we must—but always fine Bourbon."

"So what?" some might say.

But as we extend the territory beyond our entrance, the sign takes on broader meaning. For state-wide distillery records prove that our OLD FITZGERALD is the most expensively made Bourbon, not only in Jefferson County but in the whole length and breadth of Kentucky. Has been thus for lo these many years.

And since Kentucky itself is the acknowledged cradle of the finest of Bourbons, OLD FITZGERALD'S umbrella might be further widened to include not only the U. S. and its possessions, but all the world.

Regardless of added costs, we continue to honor the painstaking requirements of our original 117-year-old Sour Mash recipe.

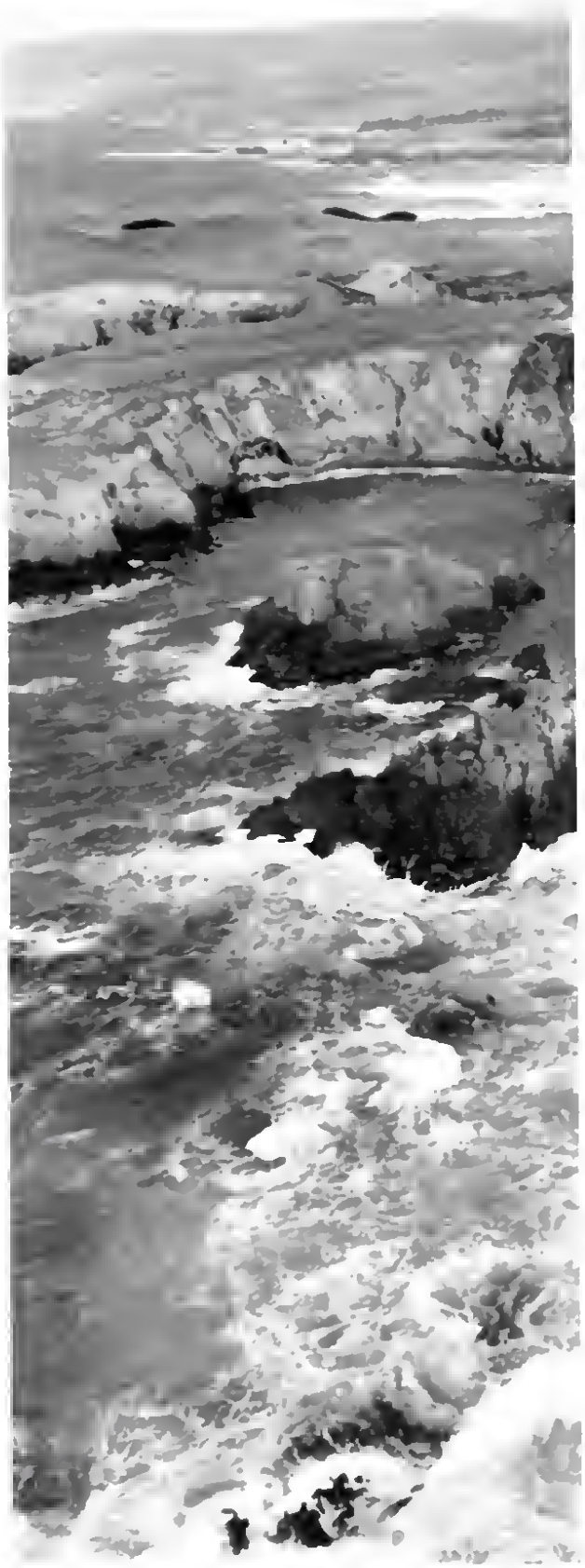
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SHELTERS ON A SCALLOPED SHORE

This cluster of cliffside buildings that seem ready to slide into the pounding Pacific is actually the beginning of a remarkable new resort community called Sea Ranch, which will stretch for 14 miles up California's spectacular coast only two hours north of San Francisco. One day there will be 3,000 houses at Sea Ranch, but the vision of its builders has insured that the seascape, with its coves, sea-mist-enshrouded forests and driftwood beaches, will never be spoiled. Even when fully developed, two-thirds of the 5,200 acres will remain wilderness, common land for all Sea Ranch settlers. The architecture is equally visionary. The dramatic condominium complex that looks like a fortress against the elements is built around a central courtyard that captures the sun and is raked so that every apartment has a view of the sea. The cypress hedges, gracing the shore meadows since the turn of the century, will soon shelter groups of other dwellings. Eventually a golf course, tennis courts and swimming pools will contribute to the recreational attractions of this unique vacation community.

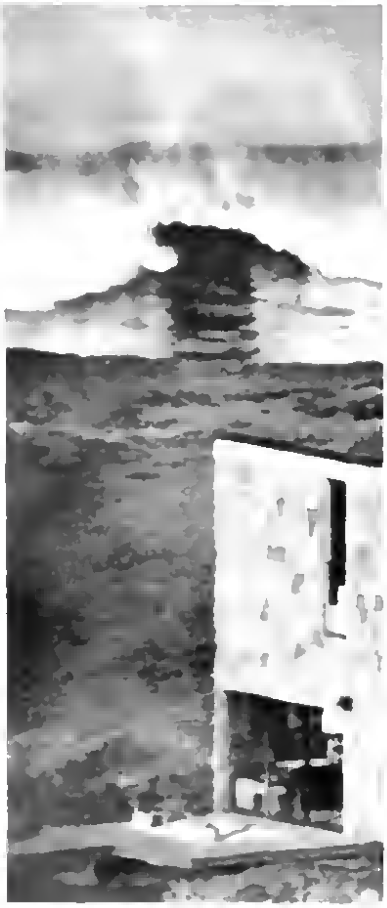
CONTINUED







The Sea Ranch



The general store is currently selling more land than provisions but is set up to provide Sea Ranch settlers with the necessities and comforts for life in the wilderness. Both seashells and rams' horns inspired its white painted symbol.



Sliding glass doors permit this room in the condominium to be flooded with sunlight. Each of the 10 units in the complex designed by Moore Lyndon Turnbull and Whitaker has its own plunging view over the Pacific 50 feet away.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN



Sea Ranch's first seven vacation houses, designed by Joseph Esherick and Associates set the design stamp on the community. Their shed roofs snuggle into the line of cypresses originally planted as windbreaks for vegetable crops



The houses use rough and simple finishes: redwood shingles for the outside walls, sometimes sod roofs with high insulating qualities and no maintenance except cutting. Fences are louvered, making the gardens almost wind free.

CONTINUED

Against a patterned background of Monterey cypresses Pamela and Reverdy Johnson of San Francisco start on an upland hike. Their one-room weekend house, the first to be built on the hillside, is an ingenious circular design.

A community freshwater swimming pool with two saunas and the first tennis court are now completed but not yet landscaped. Both pool and court are surrounded by earth dikes affording all season use. A golf course is in the future.







Horseback riding is a popular sport at Sea Ranch, with bridle paths wandering over the common land and into the forest. Grape-stake fences that once penned sheep are a feature of the ranch landscape and will be repaired and preserved.

The range of water sports includes skin diving for abalone, steelhead fishing in the Gualala River at the northern end of the ranch, and surf casting for cod and cabezon. A well-designed wooden stairway leads to the black sand beach.



CONTINUED

PIONEER PLANNER IN THE WESTERN WILDERNESS

The 100,000 vacation houses that are now going up each year could well turn America's coastline into one long Shantytown-by-the-sea if it were not for such men as Lawrence Halprin, the man behind the magnificent use of the land at Sea Ranch.

Halprin is one of America's foremost landscape architects, a master planner who has come a long way from the green-thumb garden stage to the complexities of urban redevelopment, freeway planning and new towns. He lives in San Francisco, where he dedicates his time to seeing that America's landscape doesn't go completely down the drain. A native of Brooklyn, he has adopted the rugged, outdoor look of the West—at Sea Ranch he wears heavy tan Levi's and suede climbing boots. A small but powerful pair of Bushnell binoculars is slung round his neck, and he carries a sheath knife stuck in his belt. The binoculars are for bird watching and the knife for slicing abalone.

Larry Halprin is a new breed of landscape architect, an environmental planner. He has been intensely occupied with the Bay Area Rapid Transit scheme, the revolutionary network that hopefully will solve San Francisco's very considerable commuter woes. Ground has been broken for a new town he designed for 65,000 people in Hawaii, and plans are completed for another in California.



Landscape Architect Lawrence Halprin, who grew up in Brooklyn, keeps the trees growing at Sea Ranch.

Halprin is no prophet crying in a vanishing wilderness. "To be sure, I'm an ardent conservationist," he says, "but I understand that people can't enjoy the land unless they're on it. What we need to do at the moment is to plan environments that let people live on the land without destroying it."

Sea Ranch is an ideal place to put such a theory into practice. It follows the north-south shoreline of Sonoma County in California, bounded on the north by the Gualala River, whose chief claims to fame are that it flows north and that Jack London used to fish there for steelhead. Until a few years ago Sea Ranch was a working sheep ranch. Then Oceanic Properties, Inc. came along and bought it for $2.7 million. They put a further $2 million into developing it as a vacation community and brought in Lawrence Halprin.

Halprin's office studied the area for two years before submitting a master plan. Halprin himself slept out on the beach for weeks. He explored the effects of weather, noting that there is no rain to speak of between April and October. He mapped wind shadows, for the best placing of houses. He observed that one day out of three in this hardy country the weather is either windy, foggy or rainy. The other two days are lovely.

Halprin's plan for the land calls for reseeding the meadows, thinning the forest, planting 100,000 trees and damming the erosion gullies caused by the weather after the sheep had chewed the grass so short there was virtually no field cover left.

Large sweeping meadows and groves of trees will run between the clusters of houses built on each side of the cypress hedges. New roads will follow the natural terrain. In the forest—redwood, hull pine and fir—trees have been tagged for removal, and Halprin has adopted the old Indian conservation practice of controlled burning of the choking underbrush on the forest floor.

The architecture is in line with the general concept of blending with the landscape. "The houses were thought of as pieces of sculpture," says Halprin. The clifftop condominium, built as economically as possible, with simple but dramatically shaped interiors, has aroused some controversy. People drive up from San Francisco to criticize or admire, and the visitors' book in the general store is full of their remarks: "I dig it," "Cheap but neat," "The condominiums are very well executed. Think you should consider more of the same." Encouraged, Oceanic Properties will go ahead and build two more.

"Whether or not you like the graphics," says Halprin, "there's been blood spilled on every aspect. If something is wrong, it's not because it wasn't thought of." In any case, there has been no trouble selling the condominium units. The one-bedroom apartments went for about $26,000, two bedrooms for about $30,000. Six of the seven houses designed by Joseph Esherick and Associates have been sold, at prices ranging from $39,000 to $53,000. More than 80 lots have also been sold—altogether about $1.25 million worth of real estate.

Lots vary from one-third of an acre to one and a half acres. A lot on the bluffs costs as much as $16,000, one by California state route No. 1, which runs through the property, $4,500, and land on the hillside $10,000. The average price for a fully improved lot is around $8,500, and although this seems expensive it includes the use of the common land and its sports facilities. All houses must harmonize with the landscape theme so carefully delineated by Halprin.

Sir Julian Huxley, the biologist, once remarked that wilderness was one of the major functions that humanity demands from the surface of the earth. In preserving that wilderness Lawrence Halprin and Oceanic Properties are performing a pioneer service for a California bursting with vacation communities that are as crowded as tract suburbs.

—PAMELA KNIGHT

Mr. Alec Peppas Vice President and Assistant Director of Engineering at the test site for a drone antisubmarine helicopter [illegible] Long Island [illegible] Navy's DASH weapon system



"Look, I work for a helicopter company. I'd rather invest in that than buy life insurance!"

"But a MONY man proved that I wasn't building up anything like the right amount of cash to *guarantee* my family an income if anything happened to me!"



MONY man Arthur Engelson talks it over with Alec Peppas

"I've got investments, some life insurance plus group insurance. That's enough," I told MONY man Arthur Engelson.

"But Arthur proved if anything did happen to me my family might suffer severe financial hardship. What sounded like a lot of cash wouldn't be in terms of yearly income. If I wanted to *guarantee* an income—one my wife could live on for life and yet big enough to support the children in the early years...then I couldn't afford to stall.

"So Arthur came up with a really comprehensive plan. One that could provide my wife a realistic lifetime income. Or if all went well I'd have cash towards a retirement fund. Or cash I could borrow. Since then Arthur even helped me set up a trust fund through my bank.

"The special help Arthur and MONY gave me is just amazing!"

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Taxes were burdensome, and for nine years income was nil, so, said **Archie Moore**, he was compelled to sell his sylvan training camp in the hill country east of San Diego. In palmier days even Cassius Clay had worked out there (*below*) and because of the physical agonies of getting fit for a fight, Archie always called the place The Salt Mine. But letting go of the 120 acres—the boulders, the trees and the lake—hit the old boxer where it truly hurt. "I'd always hoped that it would become a shrine to boxing, a hall of fame where the great names of the sport could be remembered," said Archie. "It had a wealth of lore about it, that old bucket o'blood gym, my 33 steps, named for sports writers, leading to the top of the boxing ladder. Just a wealth of lore."

Writing in *Buffalo*, a Chamber of Commerce slick-paper monthly, Buffalo Bills Quarterback **Jack Kemp** had plenty of nice things to say for ex-Coach Lou Saban, who led the Bills to the AFL championship—and then resigned to coach the University of Maryland. "I can't speak for all," wrote Kemp, a part-time public relations man, "but Lou was the finest coach for whom I've ever played . . . He combined more talents into his coaching ability than my previous coaches." O.K., but how many coaches has Kemp played for? Nine, besides Saban, including George Wilson, Buddy Parker, Vince Lombardi, Jim Lee Howell, Sid Gillman and Al Davis.

Having endured every other indignity—capture, picture on sweat shirts, exposure to public gaze in a Seattle aquarium—Namu, the pacific killer whale, has been forced into a Hollywood movie. Actor **Robert Lansing** plays a naturalist who gets Namu from fishermen and, though a watery encounter between them is described as a "frolic the like of which no one has seen before," the rest of the script is the baleful tale of a child cured by Namu of "fear of bedtime, of darkness, of black deeps." Along the way one dry-eyed fisherman takes a shot at the whale. Namu bashes in the fellow's boat but then furnishes him, via dorsal fin, a lift to shore. At this juncture the whale and Lansing "exchange looks." As well they might.

With Bat-ball and Bat-hat, who needs baseball? Not of concern to everybody but a thought that gave comfort to Pitcher **Jim Grant** as he approached the Twins with a $41,500 "final-offer" salary demand. As a promoter of the new Batman paddle game, said Mudcat, he was sure he could forget baseball and live handsomely off Batman and the song-and-dance act he himself puts on. Not all that sure. He signed for less than $38,000.

The professional Charleston (West Va.) Rockets played great football last fall, winning all their 14 games and the Continental League championship as well. But local apathy has led the team to look for a new home city. Into that crisis last week stepped a minor shareholder: **John D. Rockefeller IV**, the nephew of the governor of New York who came to Charleston 18 months ago to immerse himself in an Appalachian poverty program, is now staying on to seek a seat in the state's House of Delegates. "For the good of this community, this region and the state," said 28-year-old Jay Rockefeller, "we must not, need not and will not lose the Rockets because of lack of support." Rockefeller's solution: a pledge to buy $75,000 worth of Rocket stock if others will match it.

"As a boy I always knew I would be a concert pianist," **Eugene Istomin** once lamented, "but I wished just the same I could be a baseball player—a Joe DiMaggio or anybody." Coming as close to that ambition as he probably ever will, Istomin, now 40, spent a week with the spring-training Detroit Tigers in Lakeland, Fla. as the guest of his pal, Manager **Charlie Dressen** (*below*). Mornings he dutifully practiced for three hours on a Steinway shipped to Tigertown from Tampa, but afternoons he played catch with writers or took his innings batting against Iron Mike. "I bruised my hands doing that," said Istomin, very major league, "so I soaked them in the clubhouse whirlpool bath." As for the Tigers, don't worry about them. "Willie Horton is going to be great, and the team has a wonderful new outfielder in Mickey Stanley. If he hits, we win the pennant."

Just for a starter, **Joe Namath** wouldn't wear neckties in public, and now he's talking about opening up a cozy little nightery on Manhattan's East Side—the Jet Set, he wants to call it. Jets' Owner **Sonny Werblin**, who sometimes acts as if he had bought body and soul when he shelled out $400,000 for Quarterback Namath, is heartsick. "I don't like the implication that Joe is a guy who hangs out in a bar," said Sonny. "Playing football is his business, not running a nightclub."

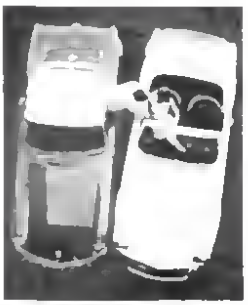
Coast to coast the Republicans are talking about fresh faces and fresh ideas, and in two instances have come up with fresh, athletic candidates. Philadelphian **Tom Gola**, 33, will chuck his career with the New York Knickerbockers and run for the Pennsylvania House from an all-but-shoo-in Republican stronghold. Californian **Bob Mathias**, 35, twice the Olympic decathlon champion, is shooting for Congress as representative of the central district of the San Joaquin Valley. Gola says juvenile delinquency is a problem in his area, and Mathias says the current grape-pickers' strike is a problem in his. Neither young politician has proposed any solution, and what could be fresher than that?







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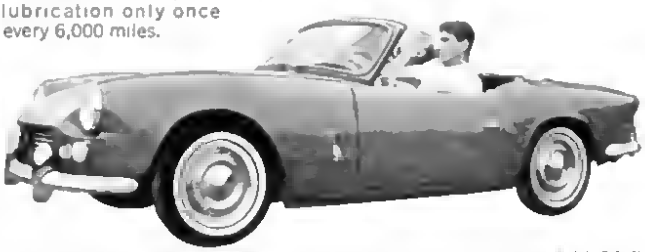
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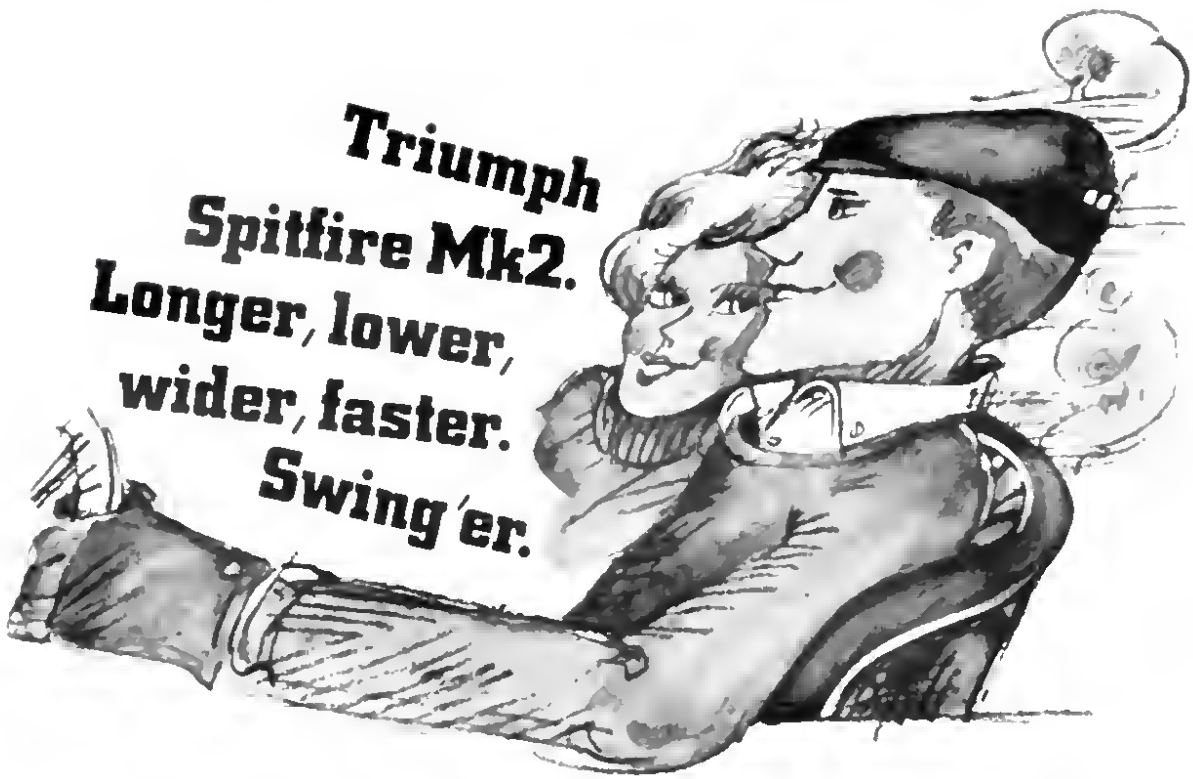


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BOATING / *Hugh Whall*

The meanest vamp at sea

The Cal-40 at left is a stock boat right off the dealer's shelf, but she beat out all the fancy custom jobs

It was almost as if someone fresh off a motor scooter had dropped in on his friendly neighborhood Buick dealer, bought a car off the showroom floor and then proceeded to win a driving championship from the best drivers and the fanciest custom cars on the racing circuit. In this case, the hypothetical Buick was a stock fiber-glass Cal-40 sailboat, the kind anyone could buy tomorrow by writing a check for $27,500. The driver was a 27-year-old small-boat sailor from Atlanta named Ted Turner, and his championship was earned against some of the top blue-water skippers of the U.S. in the annual Southern Ocean Racing Conference.

"She's just an ol' stocker," says Ted of his swift *Vamp X*. "I gave her that name after Hardhearted Hannah, the vamp of Savannah, the meanest gal in town, 'cause this ol' boat's like any hardhearted woman that'll freeze ya and kill ya." But if anyone had the right to think of *Vamp X* as a hardhearted woman it was less Turner than the veteran skippers of *Ondine*, *Indigo*, *Doubloon*, *Dyna* and the other grandly expensive craft he had beaten.

Of course, even though *Vamp* was a stocker, no boat, outside of a strictly supervised one-design class, ever stays just like another for very long. Turner had dressed his in the finest Hood sails, added bigger water tanks and beefed up her rigging so that her handicap rating worked out a 10th of a foot higher than the other Cal-40 in the race, *Otseketa*. There were no intricate mathematical considerations behind Turner's decision to buy *Vamp*. "I bought her," he says, "because I didn't know what else to get. I figured I could always unload her if she didn't do anything. Actually," Turner adds, "I don't think she's that much better than the others"—which may be his way of saying that it was the skill of skipper and crew as much as boat and rigging that won the championship.

A husky 6 feet 2, Skipper Turner drives himself as hard as anyone on board his boat. A round-the-buoys sailor who was once North American Flying Dutchman champion, he had only one year's ocean-racing experience before buying *Vamp* last November. That was aboard a chartered boat. Often courtly in the old tradition of the South, but sometimes as blatant as the roadside billboards he rents as an advertising man, Turner is not one to underplay his sudden triumph in ocean racing. "Ol' Atlanta's a major league town," he said after the last race. "We got major league football, and maybe major league baseball, so why not major league ocean racing? There's the Chicago Yacht Club, the Boston Yacht Club, the New York Yacht Club. Now there's gonna be the Atlanta Yacht Club."

Turner was taught to sail in a 12-foot Penguin by Cap'n Jimmy Brown, a Negro and an old family retainer. Brown still sails with Turner in the capacity of ship's cook. "We eat better than anyone afloat," says Turner. "Cap'n Jimmy's an epicurean chef who'll turn out lobster Newburg, Kansas City strips and two kinds of salad, including Caesar, in a 35-knot gust." The rest of *Vamp*'s crew are small-boat sailors, who work *Vamp* as though she were a 14-footer. No matter how unpalatable the job, there is never any hesitation about reefing or changing headsails, and Turner insists it must be done in under a minute. On less competitive boats crewmen spend the long, cool night watches huddled in the cockpit out of the wind and spray. Turner's crew stays up on the weather rail in the drenching darkness where their weight will do the most good. If hanging a man from the top of the mast with an anchor around his neck would encourage *Vamp* to go faster, a man would be up there—voluntarily.

Not all crewmen have successfully survived Turner's driving ambition. One man who quit Turner by mutual consent halfway through the SORC was an experienced racing skipper with many

offshore races to his credit. That failed to impress Turner, who said, "I didn't care about how many races he's sailed. What I cared about was: Did he win?" For Turner and his young crew (average age about 30), the SORC itself is merely a tune-up for the more ambitious races ahead: the Bermuda race in June and next summer's 3,600-mile grind to Denmark. "I always wanted to see Europe," muses Turner, "and this seems like a good way of doing it."

The single race that has come to symbolize the whole SORC, and one heavily weighted in the point system, is the 184-mile Miami-Nassau. Even with wins in the St. Petersburg-Fort Lauderdale and the 30-mile Lipton Cup affair off Miami, *Vamp* had to do well in this race if she were to win the title.

As races go, the Miami-Nassau was a pleasure cruise. A huge high-pressure cell lay like an umbrella over the entire course, bringing cool breezes that ranged from northwest to northeast, breezes that never got over 25 knots and allowed the fleet to stay on a single tack the whole way. Shortly after the start the milky green water that marks the Florida shoreline suddenly became the deep, white-flecked blue of the Gulf Stream. Flying fish fled before the plunging bows, and that night a huge moon made a perfect guide for helmsmen and sail-trimmers. It was the sort of race that lulls the lazy into simply sitting and going. But on *Vamp X*, on the phenomenal Class B *Doubloon*, which has never finished out of the Miami-Nassau money, and aboard a little stock Columbia 40 named *Geechee*, the temptation to relax was successfully resisted. As the fleet, led by *Escapade* (under charter to Robert Way), rounded the last prominent mark, Stirrup Cay, some 50 miles from the finish, the wind freed enough so that spinnakers could be set for the first time. Up they went, and for the remainder of the race the course reverberated with the sound of cloudlike spinnakers collapsing in claps of thunder, then filling again with explosive cracks. A witness aboard the boat ahead kept his eye on *Vamp* and said afterward that her helmsmen were so proficient that her spinnaker collapsed only one-fifth as often as those of the other boats.

Big *Escapade* finished first and broke the course record by nearly three minutes doing it. *Doubloon* won Class B and took second over-all, but *Vamp*'s fifth-place finish was enough to keep her title safe. The other stock boat, *Geechee* —ironically, also from Georgia and skippered by John Baker, a friend of Turner's —was Class C and overall winner. "How about that?" said Turner. "We're just a couple of dumb Georgians who don't know nothing about this ocean-racing business, but look what we did."

A few days later Turner took *Vamp* out in a blustery breeze off Nassau and piled up enough points to win the championship 57 points ahead of the next best boat, *Indigo*. "Man, if we'd been around in the Civil War," said Crewman Jim Markley, "we'd have cracked that ol' blockade." END

How do you recognize class in a casual shoe?

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A call for a redeal shuffled the standings

The new North American International Team competes in its first tournament and by avoiding past errors—poor slam bidding and collapsing in the stretch—puts off a stunning Vanderbilt Cup victory in Louisville

There used to be places around Louisville—and who knows, there still may be—where it mattered a lot who dealt the cards. It was a wise man who watched how the deck was handled, and a broke one who didn't. This, of course, could never apply in modern tournament bridge, but nonetheless a call for a redeal was heard at Louisville's Kentucky Hotel early last Thursday morning. What followed was a slam-filled climax to one of the most exciting bridge championships in recent memory, and a victory that may well have a bearing on who wins the World Bridge Championship in Italy next month.

The event in contention was the Vanderbilt Cup team championship. It should have ended on Wednesday, but at 12:30 a.m. Thursday the two finalists—one, comfortably ahead by 37 International Match Points, led by Tobias Stone, and the other, our 1966 North American International Team—still had 18 hands to go. While the competitors took a break the few spectators on hand decided to save a little time by shuffling and dealing the last boards. Nothing in the rules prohibits this. In fact, in many tournaments the hands are predealt, sometimes by computer. But when the North American team returned to the table its alternate captain, Edgar Kaplan, announced that he wanted the cards redealt. "Are you going to insult these people by insinuating you don't trust them?" demanded Tournament Director Al Sobel. "No, I'm not," replied Kaplan. "Just tell them my players are superstitious."

The result of this unusual request was a set of 18 remarkable hands and an astounding rally as the International Team, playing those redealt cards, overwhelmed Stone's team 88 IMPs to 5 and won the Vanderbilt Cup by 46 IMPs.

Of course, the cards had to be the right kind on which to mount such a rally. And perhaps it is a good omen that it was on slam hands—the type on which the Italians usually demonstrate their superiority—that our International squad piled up its heaviest swings. Of five slam hands in this final session, one was a standoff, but the other four rewarded good, aggressive bidding by the International Team. Involved in the action were Stone and his teammates—Ivan Erdos, Len Harmon, Billy Eisenberg (a fifth member, Robert Goldman, sat out)—against four of the six International Team players, Lew Mathe, Robert Hamman, Ira Rubin and Philip Feldesman (Sammy Kehela, their fifth, sat out). The hand below is a sample of the International Team's aggressive play.

As the combined North-South hands contained only 25 high-card points, it was not particularly surprising that in one room Harmon and Eisenberg decided to stop at six hearts. The International Team, however, got a big break in the bidding when Rubin elected not to open with the South hand. This enabled him to use a jump-shift response of three hearts, showing a good suit and a maximum pass. Feldesman immediately visualized a heart slam and his bid of four clubs had a dual purpose. It would give Rubin the opportunity to show any preference for spades, a development that might have diminished North's enthusiasm because of the danger of a spade loser, and it would reduce the chance of an opening club lead, which might be fatal in six hearts.

The partnership uses Roman Blackwood, which in this case worked out just like regular Blackwood. After identifying two aces and a king, Feldesman was able to bid a grand slam, since it was a near certainty that South's king was in hearts, and it appeared the spade suit could be used for any discards.

The play was straightforward. The opening lead of the club king was taken by the ace. After drawing trump, spades were attacked and the third round ruffed. The diamond ace and a diamond ruff gave dummy the lead for another spade ruff, and a trump lead to dummy enabled South to discard his club losers on the two good spades.

In the final surge, Mathe and Hamman, who played brilliantly throughout, reached two excellent small slam contracts that were missed by the Stone team. In the hand at right Stone and Erdos no doubt thought they had done well when they scored 650 points. At their table, West had opened the bidding with one heart, North jumped to five clubs, East doubled and Stone-Erdos made an overtrick. But Mathe and Hamman did even better.

Mathe's weak two-bid on only a five-card suit was unorthodox, but the vul-

South dealer
Neither side vulnerable

NORTH
♠ A K 10 7 3 2
♥ A Q J 4
♦ 8
♣ 7 4

WEST
♠ 1
♥ 7 2
♦ K 9 7 5 3 2
♣ K Q 5 2

EAST
♠ Q J 9 5
♥ 8
♦ Q J 10 4
♣ J 10 9 6

SOUTH
♠ 8 6
♥ K 10 9 6 5 3
♦ A 6
♣ A 8 3

SOUTH (*Rubin*)	WEST	NORTH (*Feldesman*)	EAST
PASS	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
3 ♥	PASS	4 ♣	PASS
4 ♦	PASS	4 N. T.	PASS
5 ♥	PASS	5 N. T.	PASS
6 ♦	PASS	7 ♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

nerability situation was a factor. When North cue-bid in hearts, the suit in which West had overcalled, Mathe considered the possibility that North did not have good spade support but was interested in one of the minor suits. He tried five diamonds. When North revealed his true intentions by bidding five spades, Mathe reasoned that if Hamman could suggest a slam with no better trumps than the queen, he could hardly have more than a single loser outside the trump suit. He therefore went on to six spades. The defense took a heart trick, and that ended the proceedings. The gain was another eight IMPs.

East dealer
East-West vulnerable

NORTH
♠ Q 7 5 2
♥ 10
♦
♣ A K Q J 9 6 4 2

WEST
♠ 10 9
♥ A K J 9 5 3
♦ K Q 5 2
♣ 5

EAST
♠ 6 4
♥ Q 7 6
♦ A 10 8 7 6
♣ 10 8 3

SOUTH
♠ A K J 8 3
♥ 8 4 2
♦ J 9 4 3
♣ 7

EAST (*Eisenberg*)	SOUTH (*Mathe*)	WEST (*Hart*)	NORTH (*Hamman*)
PASS	2 ♠	3 ♥	4 ♥
PASS	5 ♦	PASS	5 ♠
PASS	6 ♠	PASS	PASS
PASS			

The North American team's come-from-behind victory seems to me to be a good omen, especially since it was achieved where we were previously weak against the Italians.

It is also meaningful in another way. The defending champion Italians are famous for their fine performances in the final sessions—just when, in recent years, our own teams have faltered. Our trouble in the past was that our nonplaying captain could not feel equal confidence in all three of his pairs. He was forced to rely on two of them for most of the crucial sessions, which meant he came into the finals with a weary squad. This year North America has three powerful pairs—Eric Murray and Kehela are the third—but illness kept Murray out of the Vanderbilt. Ruhin and Feldesman had to play every hand in this exhausting event, but the team still won. So we have staying power, too. We may yet end Italy's hope of winning its ninth world championship. END

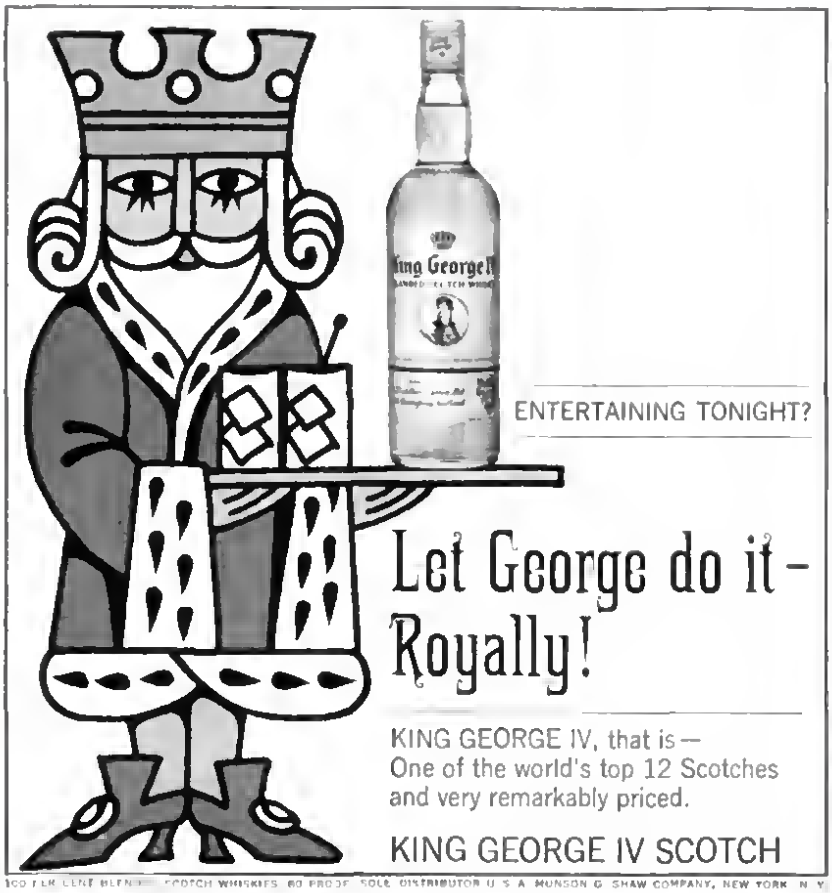


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Scotchgard STAIN REPELLER

3M





GO-GO WITH BOBBY JOE

continued from page 29

with Bobby Joe Hill's female cousins. Harry Flournoy, the team's top rebounder, nursed a sore knee. Willie Cager's pretty girl friend, Roselle Leader, came down from New York to watch Willie in the finals.

The Kentucky players also lolled about, marking time until they could file onto the team bus. The manager, Mike Harreld, counted them, just to be sure, before boarding himself. Harreld carried an extra suit with him, complete with shirt and tie, all hanging in a plastic bag. If Kentucky won, he expected to be thrown into the shower.

As Haskins had anticipated, Kentucky was planning to use the one-three-one zone. Haskins' surprise for Rupp was a three-guard lineup. Hill, 5 feet 9, and Orsten Artis, 6 feet 1, were the regular backcourt starters, and he decided to use 5-foot-6 Willie Worsley in place of big Shed, to get more speed in against the very speedy Wildcats. All three played the whole game.

In the Kentucky locker room Rupp asked, "Who's captain tonight?" Somebody said Riley was.

"It's his birthday tomorrow," Conley said.

"What?" asked Rupp.

"It's Pat's birthday tomorrow," Conley repeated.

"All right then, let's have a birthday present for him." Rupp said, and then they sat and waited for the consolation game to end. Rupp put on his brown jacket. He believes brown suits are lucky. He also thinks it's lucky if he finds a bobby pin, and last year, the worst year he ever had at Kentucky, the players took to planting bobby pins in his path. This year such deceits were unnecessary. "Duke beat Utah by two," Mike Harreld said, rushing into the Wildcat dressing room, and the team jumped up and ran out on the floor to try to win a fifth championship for Adolph Rupp.

It was a lost cause almost from the start. Kentucky's shooting failed in the face of the tough Miner defense, and even the shots the Wildcats made were individual tributes to Dampier's and Riley's skill. Haskins had been saying his team was capable of better defense than it had shown for weeks. In the finals Texas Western proved that was true.

Midway through the first half, the score was tied 9–9 when TW made a foul shot. And then came the most significant sequence of the tournament. Hill, way

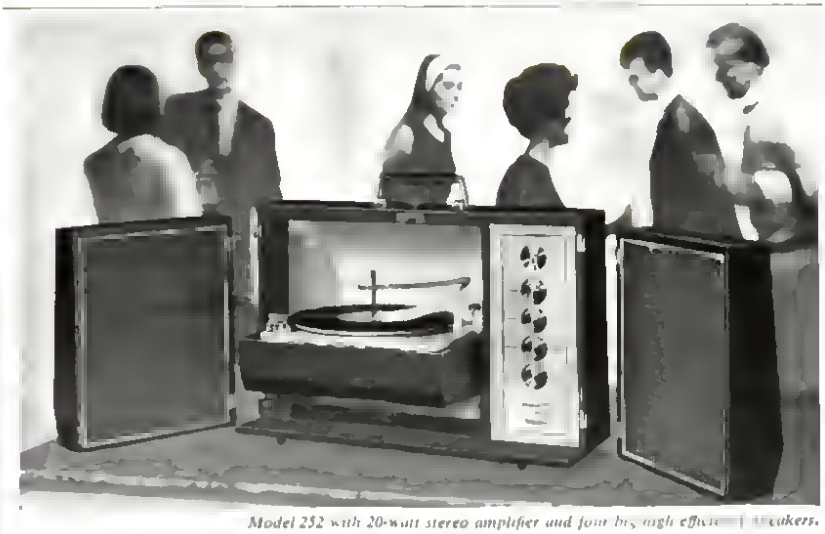
over on the right side, stole the ball from Kron, dribbled half the court and scored. Dampier brought it back up, looked to Hill at midcourt, switched left, and there was Hill, waiting. Cleanly, Bobby Joe snapped the ball off Dampier's dribble and took it all the way in for another easy layup. That broke the game open. Thereafter Kentucky chased the lead and never caught it, and the Miners were in command. Bobby Joe stole the ball again from Dampier, and all night, while dribbling, he looked like the best broken-field runner since Red Grange. As late as eight minutes into the second half the Wildcats were only a point behind, but they never could come all the way back. Once they had three successive shots at a tie and missed them all: Dampier, Cliff Berger and Riley.

The Wildcats played fine defense themselves, but Texas Western showed that it could control the ball even against tight guarding. And the three little men —Hill, Artis and Worsley—were able to hit just enough from far outside, without trying to penetrate the Kentucky zone. Those were the long jumpers that Kentucky kept missing. When the Wildcats fouled in desperation, Texas Western made the free throws. Over one 37-minute stretch the Miners hit 26 of 27.

At the end, to the cheers of their fans, Hill and Worsley just dribbled around till the clock ran out. Finally the Miners were all cutting the nets down—both of them—and getting their watches. Haskins called out his seniors—Artis, Flournoy and Armstrong—to receive the NCAA trophy. But the second-place trophy, which appears identical in size and weight and will soon be sitting alongside the four others of better memories down in Lexington, was like an albatross. No one really wanted it. Tommy Kron somehow ended up with it in his arms and, clutching it absently, hurried into the locker room. There he dropped it on the trainer's table. He sat down and began to cry. Louie Dampier came over and put his arm around Kron and hugged him. Spike Kerns came in, and, just to get the dread object out of the way, reached up and put the trophy on the shelf, just above the hook where Mike Harreld's extra suit hung, neat and clean in the plastic bag.

Across the hall Bill Cornwall held the game ball. Now that he had gotten that for his friend Don, Mary Haskins could have her husband back. **END**





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Paul Davis

OF LOST DAYS ON A RIVER

BY COLES PHINIZY

This is a personal account of a journey taken by the author and a group of fellow adventurers down Mexico's Usumacinta River and the jungle along its banks—a leisurely two-week exploration that ended in a flaming nightmare

CONTINUED

I do not know why I keep on loving Mexico. In each brief love affair I have had with her I have ended up an embarrassed loser; still I am a sucker for her charms. On my first visit to Mexico, long ago, in a matter of two days I got dysentery, was bitten by a dog and was arraigned before a local *alcalde* for swimming through the shark traps off a public beach. Shortly thereafter I was picked up at the border on the suspicion that I was somehow involved in the murder of Leon Trotsky. At the Hotel Del Prado in Mexico City two summers ago, after three days of drinking only bottled water and thinking only the purest thoughts, I suddenly awoke in the night with a storm in my stomach. One hour later an earthquake shook the whole city, driving me half-naked to the lobby, where I sat, swaddled in a window drape, until the rumblings in the earth—and in my stomach—subsided.

Now here I am in Mexico again, recovering from another love affair. It is a Sunday, a timeless sort of day. I am lying on the roof of a small hotel called the Manzur in the town of Villahermosa in the Mexican state of Tabasco. The scowl of dark clouds that hung over this part of the land for the past week has dissolved, and the town now basks in soft winter sun. In the streets the children of Villahermosa are in full voice, celebrating the Virgin of Guadalupe. Someone is setting off firecrackers, and in the distance, against the clean sky, I can count 40 buzzards riding in a single thermal.

It is a very decent day, but I am not altogether up to it. There is a pain in my leg and a crick in my back and a buzz in my head. My mind is a riot; my memory is in tatters. I know what day it is, and where and who I am, but I am not sure how I happened to wander so far off the usual tourist track into this remote pasture where Conrad Hilton cannot comfort me. A moment ago, while I lay here on the roof, a hotel maid charged up and gave me a prolonged scolding. As best I could catch her torrential Spanish, she was objecting because I had hung my torn, dirty and wet clothes on a line *sin permiso* (without permission). "In the name of Jesus, please pardon me, Miss Torquemada," I apologized in poor Spanish, "for I have just escaped from a Protestant leper colony." While there was no truth in this remark, it was sufficient to drive her away.

I lost my passport a few days ago in the jungle near the Guatemalan border 150 miles to the south and east of this town. I have about $8 (even American Express has temporarily forsaken me). On a bright day such as this the proper place for a tourist is down in the streets, drinking in the atmosphere and buying out the town. With neither the desire nor the means, I am lying instead on this roof, sorting through the fragments of a diary—and through the fuzz in my head—to find out where I have been and what I have been up to for two weeks. (When I get back to the border the damn immigration clerks will want to know, for sure.)

From the scribbling on a hotel bill I know that around the end of last month I landed in Tuxtla Gutierrez, a jewel of a town that sits among eroded hills about 100 miles south of Villahermosa in the state of Chiapas. I had gone to Tuxtla Gutierrez from New York City because Rodney Rodd, an overimaginative New York friend, suggested that I should get out of the rut we were both in and try a different kind of vacation on a Mexican jungle river. (If I ever get back in the same rut with Rodney Rodd, we will have a few words.)

Before I came out—or rather, was carried out—of the jungle two days ago, I had filled two stenographic pads with an account of my travels. Many of the pages have been lost or destroyed, alas, and much of what remains of my writing —never too lucid—is now barely legible. For example, on one torn page I find the following obscure and fragmentary account: "Awakened before dawn by the din of a military band and much bugle blowing. When I opened my door to see what was up, two attractive ladies walked down the hall with nothing on except tennis. . . ."

Lying here on the roof, I have tried to dredge up the memory of two ladies wearing only tennis shorts, or tennis sneakers, while bugles blow in the predawn, but the details elude me. I have no recollection of when the incident occurred, or of its outcome, but I suspect it took place during the four or five days I spent in Tuxtla Gutiérrez.

Fortunately, near the start of one pad some meaningful but disconnected passages about Tuxtla Gutiérrez are legible. On one clean page, under the dateline "Monday, I think," I can pick up the following thread: "Two lizards have taken over a corner of my hotel room, and on the floor by the window there is a three-inch-long creature that looks like a cross between a praying mantis and Bleriot's first midwing flying machine. Every now and again, after flexing several hind legs, this Bleriot bug takes off, flies straight into the far wall, rebounds the length of the room and falls to the floor exactly where it started. I am reluctant to do away with the bug. It may be one of a kind. . . .

"There are 19 of us gathered here to go down the Usumacinta River. As Rodney told me in New York, running rivers in rubber boats has become a big thing, particularly among U.S. Westerners. Jack Currey, the Salt Lake City man who is leading us down the Usumacinta, has guided more than 1,500 voyageurs on U.S., Canadian and Mexican rivers in the past three years. In fact, I am one of the few novices in this party, and the only Easterner. There is one near-Easterner here—a Canton, Ohio hardware wholesaler named John Brothers, who is about 60 and has itchy feet. John Brothers has trooped over a good bit of Central America, visiting the comfortable spots with his wife and

continued



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A RAINBOW OF 21 DISTINCTIVE FLAVORS

prowling alone in the bush. He has been on stretches of the Usumacinta before, paddling with Indians in a cayuco. He is back now in Tuxtla with us because he saw a TV film of the Usumacinta last summer. Apparently the film so aroused the river-rat fever in him that he was impossible to live with, so much so that *his wife told him to go down the river* again and get it out of his system. Personally, I think John Brothers is incurable. Without a drop of Ron Rico or a Margarita to loosen his tongue, he often starts ranting about the river, spouting jungle facts and lore about the Maya Indians. . . ."

The next page in the diary contains the cryptic note, "Dr. Clyde—$5—beer," followed by several ancient Maya glyphs that I sketched crudely for some reason. Then the decipherable narrative continues: "In the past three days we have visited Tuxtla's zoo and a Maya museum, and have driven 12 miles into the hills to look down into the ragged guts of El Sumidero Canyon, a scenic wonder of the sort you do not see often outside the *National Geographic*. But most of our time has been spent at the Tuxtla airport, sitting, waiting and wondering. Two days ago we were scheduled to fly 160 miles to a jungle airstrip called Tres Naciones on the Usumacinta. Originally we were to make the trip in a B-18, a big-bellied plane that was built along the lines of a sperm whale in the late '30s and proved to be such a bad actor that it was not allowed to fight in World War II. *There are two B-18s still* operating out of Tuxtla. The one we chartered lost a motor, so we must wait until the other is available. A curator of the Smithsonian Institution would go simply wild among the old flying machines at the Tuxtla airport. In addition to the cast-off B-18s, there is an oddball craft that a Mexican pilot tells me is a DC-1½—one of the few still in the air. There is also an aged, wooden-framed Avro buzzing around on borrowed time. Two or three times a day the Avro appears out of the blue over Tuxtla. Sideslipping in, sometimes upwind, sometimes downwind, it lands with a bounce and a screech, quickly disgorges bags of native produce, takes on boxes and bales of God knows what and staggers back into the sky, bound for somewhere.

"Jack Currey, our leader, tells us to be of good cheer. Often a big part of a river adventure, he says, is getting to the river. After seeing the ancient flying *crates at Tuxtla and inspecting the rum*pled carcass of a spiffy DC-6 that crashed here last week, I am ready to believe Currey. But we are all getting restless—all of us except Paul Halabrin, a voyageur who works for a power company around St. Louis. While the rest of us wander around a good bit, chatting, fretting and leaving a trail of orange peels and pips, Halabrin sits uncomplaining—a model of patience perched on an ammo can that contains his valuables. Even when the spunky old Avro takes off, blowing grit at him, Halabrin is unmoved. In the heat of the day I sometimes go sit beside him. Halabrin is a large man—easily 6 feet 2 and 230 pounds—and at this time of year, even seated on an ammo can, he casts a good shadow. . . ."

On the next page of the diary there are straight and wiggly lines of the kind one makes to start the ink in a pen flowing. After studying the page I now realize the scribbles are a map of the airstrip at Tres Naciones—I drew it to clarify some verbal instructions for a Mexican bush pilot. I now recall that on our third or fourth day in Tuxtla, Paul Thevenin and Art Gallenson, the boatmen *of the expedition, and several oth*ers did fly into Tres Naciones with a good bit of the gear. On returning to Tuxtla, the pilot of that flight wanted the next pilot heading in to ask someone in Tres Naciones please to cut the sugarcane off part of the runway and to chop down a tree that had almost caught his starboard wing. I do not know if this was done, because I never got to Tres Naciones. A day or so after Thevenin and Gallenson flew in, about 10 of us took off for Tres Naciones in the belly of the B-18, crouched between the wood frames of our rubber boats like rats in a bilge. For the last 50 miles our pilot had to fly low under filthy clouds, flirting with a few canyon walls and flushing scarlet parrots from the trees. Regrettably, by the time we reached Tres Naciones, there was too much water on the strip for our flying whale. After circling a few times in an erratic manner that brought my lunch back into my mouth, we flew 160 miles back to Tuxtla.

Most of the 19 voyageurs finally got to Tres Naciones somehow. My two diary pads obviously went with them, for the next chapter of my travels—rambling but legible—turned up on some loose, wet pieces of paper in the pocket of pants that I hung out to dry a moment ago. Under the dateline "Thursday, or maybe Friday," this chapter goes verbatim:

"We have reached the Usumacinta at last, and it is a particularly cheerful sight for me. I grew up in the state of Georgia back in the days before its beautiful brown rivers were dammed up for kilowatts, conservation and kooky water skiers. It does me good, after all these years, to see a big, dirty river that is still allowed to run fast and loose, giving all kinds of flotsam a wild ride and an occasional mad whirl in its eddies.

"The Usumacinta is exciting, but I cannot say the same for every minute of my first day beside it. I took off late yesterday in a Cessna, along with John Brothers, the 60-year-old Ohio river rat, and a Salt Lake City couple, Dave and Maxine Thompson. Our pilot consented to fly us into the jungle providing he *could land us at the nearest open patch* downriver if Tres Naciones was closed in. So, after worming our way again between the clouds and the treetops, here we are beside the Usumacinta at a thatched village called Filadelfia—population 50, not counting dogs or chickens. This village got its name long ago from big Philadelphia, Pa., and deserves it. Here on the Usumacinta, as in Philly on the Delaware, almost nothing happens.

"We were expecting the rest of the voyageurs to come downriver this morning and pick us up, but they have not. Before leaving Tuxtla we were given

continued

instructions—third- or fourth-hand—to try to get into Tres Naciones and, failing that, to land downriver. So here we are, but where is the rest of the gang? Upriver? Downriver? Wherever they are, our baggage is with them. The four of us waiting in Filly have, among us, one razor, two combs, three toothbrushes, two flashlights and enough camera equipment to cover all aspects of a Martian invasion, if such an event should occur before we get out of here.

"Both Dave Thompson and I are supercamera nuts—he even has an extra Leica that he keeps persuading his wife, Maxine, to use. This morning we were all down at the riverside, photographing six Filadelfians who were assiduously hacking a handsome cayuco out of a log, each craftsman deftly chopping dangerously close to the feet of another. . . . There is an aloof, clown-colored parrot—a macaw, or guacamaya, to be exact—that hangs out around the warehouse where we slept last night. I have taken pictures of Maxine feeding the macaw, Maxine has taken pictures of Dave feeding it and I have taken pictures of Maxine taking pictures of Dave. . . . I tried penetrating the jungle a short distance this afternoon, but in sneakers I found it impossible. I was driven back by high water and bugs, and had the wits scared out of me by an errant cow. . . . John Brothers is in fine fettle. In a slow-moving place like Filly, I quickly fall into a stupor, but the village seems to stimulate John. Normally John speaks through his nose in a low pitch, a few cycles above the frequency of an offshore foghorn. Peculiarly, when he gets excited, his voice drops even lower, almost out of range, but this never stops him. We had scarcely climbed from the plane in a drizzle yesterday before John was asking the villagers questions. Filly on the Usumacinta is not a complicated place, but all today John has been prowling around it with the zest of a CIA agent. He keeps disappearing for half an hour, then reappearing with a fund of information and an armful of luscious fruit. . . .

"Today is Friday or Saturday. We have now spent two nights in Filly. Last night, again, we went to bed with the sun—or, more correctly, with the evening downpour—and were awakened when the first village rooster sounded off at 3:30 a.m. By 4 a.m. all the roosters and the first of the 20-odd dogs that live here had joined in. As I write this, at 10, the roosters are quiet, and every dog in Filly is barking. From the bank on which I sit I can see four dogs at the river edge, standing in a circle, barking at each other. A few minutes ago when I walked 100 yards to the other end of town, I came across a dog sitting alone in a small pasture, barking at an orange tree. 'What else is there for a dog to do in Filadelfia?' Dave Thompson asks.

I used up half an hour this morning in the river, washing myself and my clothing without getting either much wetter or cleaner. There are supposed to be crocodiles, flukes and other denizens in these waters, but nothing bothered me except three small, white fish that kept trying to nudge my bar of soap out into midstream. While I was standing around hoping for some sun or wind to dry my clothes, John Brothers, the free-lance CIA agent from Ohio, reported back into headquarters with new information. We have not heard howler monkeys in the jungle around us, Brothers announced, because yellow fever wiped out most of the howlers a few years back. Since I am a hypochondriac at heart, this reminded me that 10 days ago a smarty-pants New York doctor had inoculated me for everything *except* yellow fever and wheat rust. . . . This morning four cattle egrets flew in and went to work on the legs of the village herd. I used up another half an hour making bets with myself as to which egret would next pick a bug off which leg of a Brahma bull. . . . While buying a pack of 8¢ cigarettes from the headman, or *alcalde*, of Filly, I learned that a plane lands here every four weeks. That means we have 26 days to go. . . ."

Although I would not take an oath on it, I think that on our third day in Filly the other river rats came and took us away—certainly, if we had spent another night in Filly I would have had something to say about it. The balance of my journal of the Usumacinta was written, I believe, in the second diary pad. Some of its pages are so badly charred that I must handle them with the delicatesse of an Egyptologist. Others fortunately were so rain-soaked before being exposed to fire that they are still intact and only toasted lightly around the edges. After fussing all the remains into a fairly logical order, I am able to pick up the thread somewhere in midriver: "It is good to be on the rolling river again and feel the writhing fabric of a rubber boat underfoot. This afternoon we had a good time bouncing through some rapids, with the bows and sterns of the boats taking turns leading us downriver. A 33-foot rubber boat is not like the surfboats I used to know on the Jersey shore. There is a different rhythm. When we plunged into the first back curl of water, I braced my legs to go up, but instead my end of the boat went down, and I was still several feet in the air when it started coming back up to meet me. Jack Currey, our leader, considers the Usumacinta rather tame compared to, say, the Fraser in Canada, where a single whirlpool will suck a whole boat into its spinning bowels and keep it there until the hair of everyone aboard has turned a proper shade of gray.

"According to several acceptable religions, on some cataclysmic day in the future the world will be consumed by flames. After two days of trooping in the jungle inspecting Maya ruins, I am convinced that this part of Mexico will never burn. Everything is wet, wet, wet. When you try to strike a match here, the phosphorous tip slides across the friction strip like soft fudge. Cigarettes taste like mattress ticking. Furthermore, this is the only jungle I know that has slanting swamps. I slid down one yesterday, picking up a couple of bruises and thorns. The old Maya structures hiding under the dripping trees—the exquisitely carved stelae, the altars and the temples with perilously steep stairs—are very impressive. Regrettably, the jungle has so

continued



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completely taken over that it is often impossible to tell whether you are climbing on a temple or a natural hill. A number of us have fallen down old Maya stairs without knowing it. Paul Halabrin, the St. Louis voyageur, took a good fall today. I had just descended 60 feet from a temple, crawling part of the way, when I looked up to see Halabrin coming at me fast, followed by part of the staircase. Halabrin is a skier, and for the first 30 feet down he held his form well: he had his knees together and was leaning back slightly as if schussing through deep powder. Then he lost control, plummeted and was luckily caught by a web of vines. He emerged from the tangle with as good a solution to the mystery of the ancient Mayas as any I have heard from experts. 'The Maya civilization declined,' Halabrin declared, 'because the priests kept falling down the temple steps.'

After three days of following them around, I notice that Tom Lee and Rex Yeaman, the pathfinders who usually clear the way for the rest of us with machetes, have different techniques. Lee is a fullback-size archaeologist who is digging in southern Mexico on a grant from Brigham Young University. His machete work is what you would expect from an archaeologist: he cuts a neat hole in the jungle just big enough to slither through. Rex Yeaman is a mathematician with a couple of graduate degrees. Although professionally a man of precision and usually a man of restraint, when he picks up a machete something comes over him. He charges forward, swinging the blade vigorously to the left and right, finishing off every sapling and vine within reach as if it were an immediate threat to Western civilization. I find it comforting to follow him. Even when I drop a quarter mile behind to nurse a wound or to lick the mud out of a camera lens I can still hear Rex up ahead, knocking down the jungle.

"Yesterday afternoon while we were cruising downstream, lo! a jaguar appeared on the riverbank. Many cameras aboard immediately began clicking and whirring, but not mine, for at that moment I was up to my elbows in a sorry mess. My shaving-cream can had exploded in my duffel bag. By the time I got the foam off my hands the jaguar was long gone. I predict that a few weeks after this expedition gets off the river a great wave of boredom is going to sweep across the U.S. Among the 19 of us there are about 30 cameras—all kinds. I alone have taken enough pictures of people, parrots, tarantulas, campsites, Maya ruins and river scenery to drive many close friends out of my life forever. Almost everyone here has been using cameras as hard as I. There is one anti-camera man among us—a gruff and winsome Californian named Art Dusenberry. He has been on some very bad stretches of river with Jack Currey in past years and has a passion for white water. Whenever we start into good rapids Dusenberry is always seated right in the bow, decked out like a Gloucester fisherman, expecting, and hoping for, the worst. During our exploration of Maya ruins Dusenberry's interest drops off fast: spiritually he seems to wilt. He does have a plastic Kodak but has not taken a single picture of a Maya temple. In fact, he has taken only five pictures all told and claims he will finish the river trip before he finishes the roll. 'When you have seen one Maya temple,' Dusenberry insists, 'you have seen them all. When you have seen one Maya potsherd, you have seen one too many. I didn't come here to photograph a cemetery. I came to enjoy a river.' Sensible words. But with only five pictures, how is he going to bore the folks back home?

"Today, I claim, is Tuesday, although Jim Dean says it is Monday. In any case, it is our third day of camping on an island called El Cayo, about 70 miles downriver from Tres Naciones. After four—or is it five?—days of jungling I seem to have the insect problem licked. All it takes to keep the mosquitoes and their allies at bay is determination, an ample supply of bug spray and good jungle netting—if there is so much as a dime-size hole in the netting, the Usumacinta mosquitoes pour through it like Jap bombers through Kolekole Pass. The trees often are a greater nuisance than the bugs. A few nights back, when we camped near the old Maya ruins of Yaxchilán, I bedded down under a chimon tree, a leafy giant as innocent-looking as a New England elm. Within an hour the chimon was dripping milky sap on my face and poncho and was pelting me with a fruit smaller, but harder and heavier, than a golf ball. Today my ankles are very swollen and stiff from an encounter with some tree. Art Gallenson tells me that the small spines of a certain tree are imbedded in my flesh. He says that as soon as enough pus forms around them the spines will squirt out, the swelling will subside and everything will be hunky-dory. Gallenson is a geologist, but since there is nothing else to take for this ailment I might as well take his word for it. We do have a doctor with us, a Sacramento pediatrician named Clyde Ralph. He has been tending our ailments, but since he and his wife, Katherine, are supposedly on vacation I am reluctant to bother him with trivia. I did trouble Doc Ralph yesterday when I started running a fever somewhere between 100° and 130°. By nightfall the fever was so upon me that I skipped supper, swallowed the pills Doc gave me and staggered off to my sleeping bag, falling into the camp garbage pit en route. The fever must have hung on awhile, for I slept nightmarishly, dreaming at one point that I was a TV signal in a fringe area.

"This morning the fever is gone. I am a new man. After breakfast I shaved and put on a fresh pair of wet socks and a clean wet shirt. The sun came out briefly. Since most of the gang were already across the river digging in an Indian cave, I started spreading my clothes out to dry. Unfortunately, three clouds on the horizon saw me. In no time at all they assembled overhead and began dumping rain. In a place like this a man has to watch his belongings every minute. My jungle boots disappeared last night, taken perhaps by a jaguar. A moment ago, when I looked for the boots

continued

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under my poncho. I caught two large ants in the act of carrying off one of the pills Doc gave me. Speaking of missing objects, I have not seen John Brothers, the Ohio vagrant, for 24 hours. Katherine Ralph now calls him Long John Quicksilver, because here, as in Filly, he keeps disappearing. Knowing him, it is my bet that by the time the cave diggers get back to camp with a bag of bones and potsherds John Quicksilver will emerge from somewhere in the jungle carrying a solid jade idol. . . .

"We spent most of Thursday riding the river. John Brothers tried trolling awhile, using a gang-hook lure half the size of a Goodyear blimp. I have no idea what he hoped to catch—an utter optimist like John often does not have a particular fish in mind. In the afternoon we traveled between high, narrow canyons, sharing the rapids with logs that had been cut somewhere upstream and were riding to market in the town of Tenosique below. The logs swerved in and out of the slow and fast lanes like idiot drivers, but we managed to stay clear of any bad collisions—our boatmen seem to know just how to zig when a log is zagging. On the downside of one rapids we spent 15 minutes chasing an ammo can that had bounced overboard. Whenever we tried to sneak up on it with outboard power, the can would disappear in a whirlpool. When we eased into the whirlpool after it, the can would squirt out the far side and hook a ride back upstream in an eddy. . . ."

At this point, some miles upriver from Tenosique, the legible record ends. The rest is ashes. According to a typewritten itinerary preserved in my wet clothes, we disembarked at Tenosique, rode in a boxcar to Palenque, subsequently took a truck from a place called Teapa and still later flew into a jungle strip at Bonampak. Some of this I must accept on faith. I do not remember Palenque or Teapa or the boxcar. Vaguely I recall riding forever from nowhere to nowhere in a dark train coach, sitting with Bill Snell of San Diego and drinking gin out of the top of a can of bug killer. And, for sure, I remember the jungle at Bonampak, for it

continued



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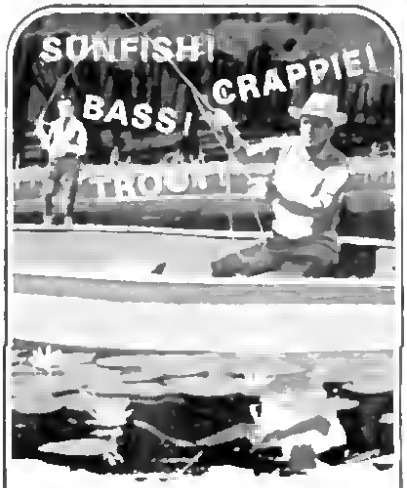
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was there that Jim Dean, Rex Yeaman and I crashed two days ago.

Certain moments at Bonampak stand out clearly. About 4 Friday afternoon 10 of us were standing in a circle, swatting bugs and debating whether to fly on to the village of the Lacandón Indians. The Lacandón tribe is a vestige of ancient Mayadom, a living epitome of the strange faces carved in stone. Most of us wanted to visit the Lacandónes, but several of the pilots who flew us in had reservations, and so did a lady named Señora Blom. Where Señora Blom came from, or who she is, I cannot say—I remember only a short, stout lady who kept jangling bracelets on both wrists while insisting in the voice of a first sergeant that the Lacandónes would charge tourists like us many pesos for a visit. The pilots had graver doubts. Ever since an outsider brought whooping cough to their village, the Lacandónes have been shooting arrows and bullets at planes. Furthermore, one pilot insisted, the Lacandones have a cute trick of rolling logs onto the runway just as a plane is settling in.

Since the Lacandónes were obviously restless, in the end we headed for Villahermosa. Jim Dean, Rex Yeaman and I took off in a Cessna with Pilot Ramon Alamilla and his small son. Our plane bumped along the rough grass in the blurring jungle and finally rose into smooth air. About three seconds later the port wing suddenly swung up. *We're going in,* I thought. In the middle of the thought there was a crash, rending and resounding, half heard, half felt.

I could not have been unconscious long because I recovered half knowing it was important to get out of the plane before gas hit the hot motor. Pilot Alamilla and Rex Yeaman were slumped forward, blood running from their heads. The little boy was moving, no blood. Jim Dean was stirring, blood on him. I got the seat belt off, the door open. My right leg would not move. *I can fall out,* I thought. I swung my left leg over and scrambled for the ground. A yellow sweater gave me a hand—Jack Currey's wife, Betty Ann. "Get Rex," I said. "He's hurt." I was dragged by Doc and Kath-



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erine Ralph. I heard a soft boom, then another and another, and felt the heat and was dragged farther.

The boy and Jim got out of the wreck. Alamilla and Rex were pulled out in the first minute before the gas tanks blew. While still only six feet off the ground, our Cessna had run head on into another Cessna that had been warming up for takeoff but luckily was unoccupied at the time. Locked together, the two planes had done a shallow cartwheel for 20 yards down the strip and finally come to rest, their bodies aligned and wings overlapping, like two odd birdfish in the act of spawning.

Dean, Yeaman, Pilot Alamilla and his boy were flown out that afternoon in the two operable Cessnas waiting on the strip. Since I was by far the least bashed, I was left in Bonampak overnight, a solitary, wounded river rat enjoying all the solicitude of the seven river rats stranded with me. In about an hour the blinding flashes began to leave my eyes, the pain settled into specific corners and my mind began to discriminate between fact and delusion. The whole affair, once terrifying, became ridiculous. All of the beautiful cameras and lenses that I had protected from dripping trees and river rapids were destroyed now by fire. All the pictures of parrots, Maya lintels and river campsites—every single ultrachromatic roll of boredom that I had exposed for the folks back home—all ashes. (One diary pad fell out of the plane with me and, by the luck of it, was pressed into the damp earth when a wing collapsed.) Lying in the grass, I began shouting to Dave Thompson, instructing him on how to photograph the wreck (a real camera nut never quits annoying another). As I lay there Paul Halahrin approached solicitously, casting the same shadow over me that I had used often in Tuxtla. At the sight of him, an old line of Groucho Marx came to mind. "Halabrin," I pleaded, "I am ebbing. Force brandy down my throat, quick."

"My bottle was in the other plane," Halahrin replied.

"Halabrin," I said, "you are a bungler."

continued

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We slept that night crowded in a room of a maintenance cabin near the Bonampak strip. Before the lights were doused, I remember eating rice and talking with a French movie producer named Patrick, who may very well have been nothing more than a residual delusion. The night passed well enough in sleep mixed with aches, until I was awakened in the middle of it by babbling outside. I heard shuffling and then the strong voice of Señora Blom rallying us all from slumber. "The Lacandon Indians are here!" she cried.

Seeing the smoke of our burning Cessnas in the late-afternoon sky, seven Lacandónes had padded 10 miles through the jungle in the night to find out what was cooking. From the far corner of our dark sleeping quarters, Halabrin spoke up. "Tell the Lacandónes," he said, "that they cannot see us for less than 100 pesos."

In the morning I limped around in the plane wreckage, hunting for bits of my cameras while the Lacandónes searched the rubble for molten gobbets of aluminum. (The Lacandónes will use the metal for points, and I shall take the shards of my cameras back to New York and bake them into a cake for Rodney Rodd.) While the Lacandónes and I sampled some tortillas that we found nicely toasted in a charred ammo can, the rest of the river rats tugged the gross wreckage off the strip. By 11, new Cessnas came and took us away. I spent an hour for X rays in a Villahermosa clinic, then checked in here at the Hotel Manzur, where I am now fumbling with the loose parts of the past two weeks.

When the sun drops a little, I shall go downstairs, borrow $10 from John Brothers and go with him in a cab to see how Rex, Jim and Pilot Alamilla are doing in their hospital beds. If my leg is up to it, this evening I shall walk to the town square where cool fountains dance, and on to the river edge where lampposts give out both light and recorded music. I have become used to bed soon after dark, and tonight I will sleep well, forgetting the Cessnas easily, and hoping to remember the river. END



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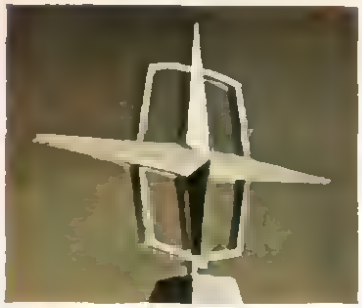
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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

Not all the excitement was in Maryland where Texas Western beat Kentucky for the national championship. There was plenty in New York, too, when Brigham Young took the NIT title

Along about 3:45 last Saturday afternoon a bit of unrehearsed pandemonium broke out in New York's Madison Square Garden. Six pretty flag twirlers, after enchanting appreciative New Yorkers with their dance routines, rushed out to embrace five sweaty Brigham Young basketball players who in turn raised beaming Coach Stan Watts to their shoulders and jounced him up and down, his bald head gleaming in the bright Garden lights. The BYU band, 25 strong and present only because schoolmates back in Provo, Utah, had managed to wheedle $5,000 out of alumni and friends to pay its way, happily tootled, "Rise and shout, the Cougars are out."

Brigham Young had just beaten NYU 97–84 before 18,479 persons to win the National Invitation Tournament championship. Maybe it was not the same as winning the NCAA title, but for BYU, a team that came into the NIT top-seeded and then had to scramble and claw for its victories, it was a richly satisfying accomplishment. In three games, the Cougars played before more people than the entire population of Provo. They had finished second to Utah in the Western AC despite having twice beaten the Redskins who reached the NCAA semifinals—and had a 17-5 record.

Brigham Young arrived in New York with a squad that featured an All-America guard and three yes, three 6-foot-11 players. Dick Nemelka, a blond, flat-nosed 6-footer whose specialty is shooting, was the All-America while sophomore Jim Eakins and junior Craig Raymond, two of the 6-foot-11 giants, alternated at center. The forwards were 6-foot-5 Steve Kramer, a strong rebounder and bullish driver, and 6-foot-4 Gary Hill. Then there was Jeff Congdon, a balding, quick-handed hustler who passed off like a blackjack dealer and played the backcourt with Nemelka. They had averaged 97.1 points a game coming into the tournament.

But Brigham Young almost did not get to the final. Temple, a finely disciplined team, slowed down the Cougars with a tight 2-3 zone in the quarter-finals and Jim Williams, a 6-foot-8 center, made Eakins and Raymond look like hicks in the city. He reached over them to pluck away 20 rebounds and score 38 points. It was not until Nemelka and Congdon cracked Temple's zone from outside that the Cougars were able to win 90–78.

Army, which had surprised San Francisco 80–63 on the superb shooting of Bill Helkie (he put in 15 of 20 shots and scored 34 points), made an even more determined run at Brigham Young in the semifinals. Playing deliberately and defending strongly, the short but well-coached Cadets held their own off the boards and had the Cougars 31–24 at the half. Then Watts set up a side post offense, and the tempo speeded up. Army still led 58–56 with 2:29 to go, but Raymond, in for Eakins, had control of the boards and BYU's zone press was hurting the Cadets badly. At this point, Helkie fouled out on a call that was bitterly denounced by young Coach Bobby Knight, and Nemelka tied the score with two free throws. Suh Jim Jimas scored two quick baskets, and it was all over for Army. BYU won 66–60, but Watts was not too happy. "That first half was terrible. Too slow," he complained.

NYU, meanwhile, was surprising everybody. The Violets shocked second-seeded Wichita State 90–84 in overtime. Stan McKenzie, a splendid leaper, and Mal Graham, a slithery jump-shooter, kept NYU in the game and Bruce Kaplan's foul-shooting won it in the extra period. Villanova, which had outlasted Boston College 86–85 as Bill Melchionni scored 30 points, was NYU's victim in the semifinals. NYU played a box-and-one defense with Richie Dyer on Melchionni, and it was beautiful. Dyer held Melchionni to 17 points. Kaplan's long-range bombing for 21 points broke the Wildcats' zone defenses, and the Violets won 69–63. But Villanova salvaged some glory. The Wildcats beat Army 76–65 for third place.

By now, Brigham Young's Watts was really worried. He had fretted because his team had not played its game. Watts likes the Cougars to run and gun, and they had done precious little of either. "Any time you have to face kids like Graham, McKenzie and Kaplan, you've got trouble," he said. NYU's Lou Rossini was worried, too. "We'll get our points," he predicted, "but I just hope we can stop their good backcourt, and that big guy Raymond bothers me."

As it turned out, Raymond was tough indeed. He roamed underneath the boards, blocking shots, snapping up rebounds and dunking the ball. He scored 21 points, had 18 rebounds and set BYU's fast break in motion. Congdon passed off magnificently, often catching the bewildered Violets going the other way with his snappy feeds and backhand flips. One over-the-head full-court pass brought the crowd to its feet. Even so, NYU gave the Cougars a tussle. With Kaplan popping in long one-handers and Graham getting away for 16 points, the Violets were down only 48–43 at the half. Then BYU's press got to them, and they wilted badly. The Cougars began to run freely, Kramer and Hill scored 41 points between them. Nemelka got 15, and not even McKenzie's hot hand (he scored 27) could save NYU. The Violets had gone as far as they could.

Watts, his round face wreathed in a big grin, chortled, "I was hoping we would show you folks how we play basketball." Over in the NYU dressing room Rossini walked off his disappointment. "I never really felt we'd get this far," he admitted wearily. "They were just too good." END



HEMMED IN BY GRAHAM, BYU'S CONGDON FLIPS BACKHAND PASS TO RAYMOND

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA PHILADELPHIA (55-25) closed out the season in grand style by winning three more games to make it 11 in a row and steal off with the Eastern Division title by a game. It was the first time in nine years that BOSTON (54-26), 3-0 for the week, failed to finish on top. Still, the Celtics closed fast and ended the season with a six-game winning streak. CINCINNATI (45-35) faded badly at the end, won one from the Knicks and then lost three straight to make it one victory in the Royals' last eight games. NEW YORK (29-50) was even worse. The Knicks dropped seven in a row, including four during the week. In the Western Division champion LOS ANGELES (45-35) won three, losing one to the Warriors, while BALTIMORE (38-42), 2-1 for the week, finished second, seven games behind. ST. LOUIS (36-43), won a tough battle with the Warriors for third place by taking three out of five as SAN FRANCISCO (35-45) split four, despite Rookie of the Year Rick Barry's 154-point total. He became only the fourth rookie in NBA history to score over 2,000 points in a season. DETROIT (22-58) lost four straight and finished in last place 23 games out. Philadelphia's Wilt Chamberlain, who was named the NBA's Most Valuable Player, gained the scoring title (2,649 points for an average of 33.1 per game) for the seventh straight year and had the most rebounds (24.6 per game) for the fifth time, while Cincinnati's Oscar Robertson was the league leader in assists (11.1 a game) for the third year in a row.

MOBERLY JUNIOR COLLEGE of Moberly, Mo., defeated Cameron A&M of Lawton, Okla. 90-66 to take its third National Junior College championship (1954 and 1955), in Hutchinson, Kans.

BILLIARDS—RONNIE (Fast Eddie) ALLEN, a 27-year-old Californian, won the overall title at Las Vegas' $30,000 Stardust Open Pocket Billiard Tournament, the world's richest pool event, when he beat Cicero Murphy of Brooklyn in a three-match playoff 2-1 after both had finished the round-robin final with 4-2 records.

BOWLING—PETER TOUNTAS, 27, of Tucson defeated Gene Rhoda of Valparaiso, Ind., by 71 pins (246-175) to take the $5,000 first prize at the PBA's $40,000 Buckeye Open in Toledo.

BOXING—JOSE GONZALEZ of Puerto Rico gained the lightly regarded title of American middleweight champion when he won a unanimous decision over Don Fullmer of West Jordan, Utah in a 12-round bout in New York's Madison Square Garden.

Featherweight CALVIN WOODLAND of Washington won his 16th out of 18 professional bouts with a unanimous decision over former World Featherweight Champion Willie Pep of Hartford, Conn. in a six-rounder in Richmond.

GOLF—LIONEL HEBERT, 38, of Lafayette, La., fired a two-under-par 69 in the final round to take the $110,000 Citrus Open in Orlando, Fla., with a five-under-par 279, two strokes ahead of Jack Nicklaus, Dick Lytle and Charles Coody, who tied for second. The $21,000 victory *Hebert's first since the* 1962 Memphis Open, vaulted him to the top of the PGA money-winning list with a total of $27,647.

HOCKEY—NHL. With two weeks left in the season MONTREAL (36-20-8) held its one-point lead over CHICAGO (36-22-7) as both teams won two games and lost one. Bobby Hull raised his goal record to 53 and his season point total to 93 (three short of the season mark) with a goal and an assist in a 4-1 victory over the Red Wings. But he was shut out in the next two games as the Black Hawks lost to the Maple Leafs 4-2, breaking a three-game winning streak, and beat the Canadiens 4-2. TORONTO's (31-23-9) third-place lead over DETROIT (29-26-10) dwindled to three points when the Maple Leafs lost two out of three and the Red Wings won two out of three. Last-place BOSTON (18-40-6), with two victories over the Rangers—3-1 and 4-3—and a 4-2 loss to the Red Wings, crept within four points of NEW YORK (18-37-10), loser of all three games it played.

MICHIGAN STATE, which finished sixth in the Western Collegiate Hockey Association, won its first NCAA championship when it defeated Boston University 2-1 in the semifinals and Clarkson 6-1 in the final, in Minneapolis.

HORSE RACING—Ogden Phipps's Derby hopeful, IMPRESSIVE (53), with Kenny Knapp up, took the six-furlong Swift Stakes at Aqueduct by seven lengths over Richard D. Bokum II's Quinta. Later in the week Phipps's other promising 3-year-old contender, BUCKPASSER, suffered a quarter crack in his right front hoof while training at Hialeah. It became infected and Buckpasser may not be able to race for at least three months. Another Phipps 3-year-old, Time Tested, owned by Ogden's son, Dinny, was beaten by a neck by King Ranch's 4-year-old SEAMAN ($9.60), ridden by John Rotz, in Aqueduct's $28,250 Paumonok Handicap.

SKIING—France dominated the U.S. Alpine and International championships at Stowe, Vt., by winning four out of six titles as GUY PERILLAT and MARIELLE GOITSCHEL took the men's and women's slalom, while JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY and FLORENCE STEURER won the giant slalom events (*page 30*). Switzerland's PETER ROHR and MADELEINE WUILLOUD were the winners of the downhill titles.

TRACK & FIELD—BOB SEAGREN, the 19-year-old Glendale (Calif.) College student who, two weeks earlier, became the first man to pole vault over 17 feet indoors, broke his own record by ½ inch when he cleared 17 feet ¾ inch at the Cleveland K of C meet, last of the major U.S. indoor meets this season. Another 19-year-old, MARTIN McGRADY of Central (Ohio) State, won the 600-yard run in 1:11, beating Tom Farrell of St. John's by 2½ feet and Bill Crothers of Toronto by 7½ feet and later anchored the winning CENTRAL STATE one-mile relay team. A third outstanding youngster, Cleveland schoolboy STANLEY ALBRIGHT, defeated John Thomas in the high jump with a leap of 6 feet 11¼ inches.

Russia's IGOR TER-OVANESYAN, who set the world indoor broad-jump record (26 feet 10 inches) at the 1963 Millrose Games in Madison Square Garden, leaped 26 feet 10½ inches off a dirt runway at a meet in Leningrad, Russia.

"I'm not as strong as I was," said Texas A&M's RANDY MATSON, holder of the shotput world record (70 feet 7¼ inches) as he made his first track appearance of the year in a triangular meet with Rice and Louisiana State and put the shot 62 feet ⅜ inch to win the event. Matson, who also won the discus with a toss of 181 feet 8 inches, had dropped from his usual 260 pounds to 239 while playing basketball for A&M during the winter.

MILEPOSTS ACCEPTED. By JOHNNY LONGDEN, 59, the world's winningest jockey, who retired from riding on March 12 (SI, March 21), a job as head trainer for the Frank McMahon Stables.

ENGAGED. ARTHUR ASHE, 22, second-ranked tennis player in the U.S., to Dianne Seymour of Stamford, Conn. The wedding will take place June 5 in Richmond.

NAMED. Head basketball coach at Navy, DAVE SMALLEY, 31, an academy alumnus and an assistant coach the past four years. Smalley, Navy's captain and high scorer for two seasons (1956 and 1957), replaces Ben Carnevale, who recently accepted the post of athletic director at his alma mater, NYU.

DIED. ABE SAPERSTEIN, 63, originator and owner of the Harlem Globetrotters basketball team, of a heart ailment in Chicago. As a youth in Chicago, Saperstein earned $5 a night playing pro basketball before taking over the Savoy Big Five, an all-Negro team named for Harlem's Savoy Ballroom. In 1927 he changed the name of the team to the Harlem Globetrotters and took it around the country on one-night stands. By playing it for laughs with lots of clowning and trick shots, the team gradually became one of the world's most attractive shows, and by 1966 it had performed in 87 countries before more than five million paying spectators. "Laugh standards are the same all over the world," Saperstein, a roly-poly five-footer, once said, "and that is our playing area."

CREDITS

4—David Thompson. 28, 29—Jamas Drake. 30-32—Jerry Cooke. 33—Fred Smith. 37—Richard Todd. 54—John Greensmith, Drayton Holcomb Detroit News. 56—Lynn Pelham from Rapho Guillumette. 79—Wil Blanche. 80—A.P., Sam Melhorn The Commercial Appeal, James R. Kilpatrick Detroit News.

FACES IN THE CROWD



PAULA KENERVA, 13, of Whitefish, Mont., took the giant slalom in 1:55.6, the slalom in 2:00.73 and placed second in the special slalom to win the combined title with 23.10 points at the North American Alpine skiing championships in Franconia, N.H.



BOOTH GARNETT, a 6-foot-4, 210-pound forward on the hockey team at Brunswick School in Greenwich, Conn., scored 96 goals in 35 games during his four-year career for an average of 2.7 per game. Garnett tallied 23 goals this season to lead his team to an 8-0-1 record.



GINGER POWELL, a graceful 15-year-old figure skater from the New Haven (Conn.) Skating Club, won both the compulsory-figures and free-skating events to take the senior women's title at the Middle Atlantic championships in New York's Madison Square Garden.



RICHARD POLK, a senior at Little Rock's Central High, clipped one-tenth second off Richmond Flowers' meet record in the 60-yard low hurdles with a 6.9 and tied the national high school 60-yard high-hurdle mark at the Jaycee Indoor Track Carnival in Memphis.



JERRY HEIDENREICH, a 16-year-old Dallas swimmer, set two meet records at the Dallas High School Championships when he won the 100-yard backstroke in 1:00.6 and the 200-yard individual medley in 2:08.7. Heidenreich's Hillcrest High team won the title.



TODD NOUSE, 16, of Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich. was awarded a berth on the *Sir Winston Churchill,* a new school ship of Britain's Sail Training Association. He will be the only American in the crew when the *Churchill* competes in this summer's Tall Ships Race.

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Michaels/Stern uses a high-count rayon lining—120 vertical threads to 68 horizontal threads per square inch. Naturally, it is pre-shrunk.

4. What kind of thread was used for the buttonholes? If it's not silk, beware. Coarse thread will soon saw off the buttons.

Michaels/Stern uses a pure silk twist. Every buttonhole gets 45 to 50 tight interlocking stitches with this smooth silk thread.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HOLY RULE BOOK

Sirs:

On March 6 we read of two examples of official firmness in sports. Penn was ruled out of the NCAA Basketball Tournament, and Doug Sanders was expelled from the *Pensacola Open Golf Tournament*. The many objections to such actions are unfounded. Although the players may suffer and the public may be disappointed, how many of us could really enjoy a sports event if we did not know someone was in charge?

DONALD C. HAMILTON

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Sirs:

I was truly surprised and chagrined at your departure from your usual good-humored and incisive piereing of the foibles of some of sports' officialdom in *l'affaire* Doug Sanders (SCORECARD, March 14).

True, a rule is a rule. However, with all of the officials roaming around sporting badges at PGA tournaments, isn't it high time that a new rule was adopted assigning to one of them the specific task of checking the scorecard of each player as he leaves the 18th green? They could then make sure that everything is in order, including the signature, *before* the card is turned in.

The PGA, as you pointed out in a previous article, is supposed to be the pros' own organization, not their adversary.

HAROLD R. GORDON

Chicago

Sirs:

For the past year and a half I was a student at the University of Pennsylvania, an Ivy League institution. Now, voluntarily, I have transferred to UCLA. Holy inferiority! We do have the 1.6 rule here for athletes and, even with the "horrible" pressure, we do seem to field some "fairly" good teams. Holy Rose Bowl! Now the Ivy League refuses to comply with the NCAA rule. Holy mutiny!

Why then, old Halls of Ivy, did you abolish athletic scholarships? Holy tuition! Wasn't it to protect dear old alma mater from those nasty little athletes? Holy sweat sock! Now they say they won't hinder their athletes with this terrible rule.

Holy Boola, Boola! Who do they think they're kidding? They're just trying to substitute controversy for the terrible lack of spirit that permeates Ivy League athletics. Holy pompon girls! We have great spirit at UCLA and, although I realize it's bordering on blasphemy, I find UCLA more stimulating intellectually, too.

STEPHEN S. DEUTSCH

Los Angeles

SOARING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Sirs:

Gwilym Brown's superb coverage of the National AAU championships in Albuquerque (*Soaring Above Snafus*, March 14) clearly illustrated the need of the AAU to transfer this important meet to other cities of the U.S. When you see eight world and nine championship records tied or broken you wonder about the quality of the competition in New York. Incidentally, Brown may not know that following the meet Bert Nelson, publisher of *Track & Field News*, stated that in his opinion this was the finest indoor meet in history! Quite a tribute from a Californian!

BENJAMIN K. HORTON

Albuquerque

Sirs:

If organization means anything the AAU has already lost its battle with the NCAA!

GREG SHIVELY

Catonsville, Md.

KNOCKOUT DROPS

Sirs:

The best way to restore the sport of boxing to its former position of eminence is through articles like Tex Maule's *A Quarry Who Likes to Hunt* (March 14). It is fine boxers such as Jerry Quarry, Tony Doyle and Joe Frazier who will return national respect to the sport.

RAYMOND F. MORGAN

Exeter, N.H.

Sirs:

I'm from Kansas City, Mo., and I saw Quarry fight in the Golden Gloves there and in two of his first few professional fights in Kansas City, Kans. He's fine, but I want to protest the big puff you gave to Ron Marsh from K.C., Mo. (*Sudden Rush of New Heavies*, Feb. 21). Ron's no fighter compared to a good friend of mine back in K.C., Mo. named Ed Maxwell. I suggest you learn more about this buddy of mine, who is an all-city basketball player, a modest fighter and a great football player whom the Detroit Lions and the Baltimore Colts have been after for the last year or so.

LARRY BROWN

Seattle

Sirs:

None of your young heavyweights are as talented as Boone Kirkman of Seattle. This 21-year-old, 6-foot-1, 195-pounder won the national amateur heavyweight boxing championship last year.

MIKE PATTERSON

Edmonds, Wash.

LISTEN, THE WIND

Sirs:

Your article on the farce that took place in Chicago (*The Wind that Blew in Chicago*, March 7) was excellent. I'm glad somebody is finally showing what fools some people are making of themselves as they try to kill boxing. Making the fight leave New York because Terrell knew somebody who knew somebody was bad enough, but what happened in Chicago was ridiculous.

So Clay isn't perfect. Does that give every self-proclaimed savior of the world the right to try to stop all of his fights? Why don't they pick on somebody else for a while and let Clay fight where he wants like they do most other good fighters?

RON JACKSON

Essex, N.Y.

Sirs:

What has the world got against Cassius Clay? He's a U.S. citizen and should be allowed to speak his mind like anyone else. Surely he wasn't the first person to express a desire to stay at home instead of going off to war. His reasons are his own, and it is his right to stand up for what he believes.

DOUGLAS A. EVERETT

Palmyra, Pa.

Sirs:

Congratulations to William Furlong and SI for a fine article on the Cassius Clay fight controversy. The conduct of the Illinois politicians involved in this fiasco can, in my opinion, be most euphemistically described as disgusting. They, and everyone else who supported the cancellation of the bout, are so blinded by their "patriotism" that they lose sight of the real reason we are fighting that war in Vietnam—to safeguard the right of men to uphold their political and religious convictions without fear of reprisal against their lives, their freedom or their livelihood.

Clay's livelihood is professional boxing, and therefore the action of the public officials of the State of Illinois in depriving him of the right to earn that livelihood because of his political attitudes, however unpopular they may be, is profoundly anti-American.

I hope that Cassius Clay will be granted the opportunity to represent his country on the battlefield, as well as in the prize ring; for maybe there he will find the comradeship with his fellow soldiers, both Negro and white, that will enable him to see the light regarding the proper relationship of the races to one another—as man to man, regardless of skin color or ancestry.

ROBERT SCHWARCZ

Madison, Wis.

continued

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Good Housekeeping

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Sirs

The only bad thing about Mr. Furlong's article is the fact that the chest-thumpers probably won't even read it, because they just don't care anymore. The fact that a man, regardless of his religious and or political beliefs, can't continue to earn his living in the United States of America because some "patriots" climb on the bandwagon to stop him makes our right of freedom of speech a complete mockery.

TED BARKOW

Skokie, Ill.

Sirs

Your report on the title fight mess exposed the "good guys" for the opportunists they really are.

JOHN RHOTEN

Springfield, Ill.

Sirs

The author of your piece about Cassius Clay and the Illinois commission is from the Buckshot School of American Critics, to which many college sophomores also belong. He obscures his point about the Illinois attorney general, William G. Clark, with self-indulgent criticism of Clark's family portraits and shirt color. This is tasteless and unconvincing journalism, unexpected in what I consider the best-edited magazine in the country. I'm delighted that SI will fight with anger in a good cause, but being true sportsmen, I assume you are in favor of the clean kill.

TIM HILL

Boston

Sirs

If Mr. Furlong's views accurately reflect those of SI, I hope you will never become a political journal, because I would truly hate to drop your otherwise excellent and enjoyable magazine from my reading list.

EUGENE MCELVANEY JR.

Roswell, N. Mex.

Sirs

As a Stanford University graduate, I remember our school motto. Written in German, it translates to "Let the Winds of Freedom Blow." William Furlong's article *The Wind That Blew* is a very refreshing breeze indeed, and I congratulate you on its publication.

VINCENT MIRES

San Francisco

Sirs

Your story had a more unbiased attitude than any other I have found. The heavyweight championship fight is a sporting event and your writers treat it as such. I'm grateful.

JOHN BALCH

Fresno, Calif.

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YESTERDAY

For Yankees, for Yale and for Soose

by FRANK GRAHAM JR.

It occurred to me only afterward that my boyhood interest in sports was something special. Many of my classmates knew as much about the spectator sports as I did, but their interest was pure and spontaneous, having been kindled by faces on chewing-gum cards or a few dimly remembered words once spoken by an elder. Mine was inherited, a bread-and-butter passion, you might say.

As the son of a sportswriter, I was somewhat grudgingly accorded the status of an oracle, and my word was readily accepted by at least *one* of the parties in any dispute. Like a clergyman's child, I was thought to have a direct link with an empyrean world. This distinction forced me to follow my subject more closely than even my bloodlines demanded and led to a certain amount of hero worship.

I did not accept my heritage at once. Sitting beside my father in the press box at Ebbets Field, I felt myself a prisoner, knowing that there were llamas and monkeys to be seen in the zoo at nearby Prospect Park. Talk about a person I understood to be named Bay Bruth held no interest for me. But a trip to the Yankees' spring training camp in St. Petersburg when I was 7 set me straight. Dixie Walker, then a Yankee rookie, played with me on the beach, and Coach Arthur Fletcher gave me a ball. I became a baseball fan.

At the time Babe Ruth was the most famous Yankee, but with a child's unpredictability I settled on Lou Gehrig as my hero. More fortunate than the average small boy who had a hero, I badgered my father to get me an autographed picture of Gehrig, and it hung over my bed for years. Later I had a picture taken *with* Gehrig, and that, too, went up on the wall. But most important of all was an old glove that Lou once gave my father to take home to me. Word of my prize spread through the neighborhood, and presently I was invited to join a celebrated local team, composed of other 12-year-olds, called the Wykagyl Wackers.

My glove and I were assigned to first base. Under the delusion that the glove, like Zeus's shield, imparted certain powers to its bearer, the manager went so far as to write my name into the cleanup slot in his batting order. One game served to relieve him of that delusion, and I was demoted to a slot more in keeping with my earnest poke-hitting. But I did cling to my job at first base until the Wykagyl Wackers outgrew their uniforms and the team was disbanded.

Meanwhile, there were thrills for me that were beyond the reach of my teammates. A trip to Yankee Stadium meant more than a ball game, it was also a chance to sit unobtrusively on the bench beside one of my idols.

There was always a stop in the manager's office for a chat with Joe McCarthy. Capless, seldom smiling unless he was recalling an incident that had taken place in the minor leagues years before, McCarthy leaned back in his chair and talked. One day Oscar Vitt, who managed the Yankees' farm team in Newark, joined the group in McCarthy's office.

"How's this kid Joe Gordon?" McCarthy asked him.

"Wait till you get a look at him, Joe," Vitt said. "He's going to be the greatest second baseman you ever saw."

Treasuring this inside information, I could hardly wait for Gordon's arrival at the Stadium. When he broke into the Yankees' lineup the next year he immediately became, for me, the greatest second baseman who ever lived.

It is not to my credit that I was relieved to see an old favorite, Tony Lazzeri, depart to make room for Gordon. Tony, you see, made me uneasy. It dated from an afternoon when I was sitting on the Yankees' bench as batting practice got underway.

Suddenly Lazzeri stopped and blocked my view of the field. "How'd you like to suit up and shag some flies out there?" he was asking me.

I was too stunned to answer. Tony stood there looking down at me, his great broad face something like the faces you see on the posters that bob up and down in those newsreel shots of Chinese Communist rallies, but it was sadder. "I'll get a bat boy's uniform for you," he said.

"No," I said, shaking my head stubbornly. I had a frightening vision: being hit on the head by a fly ball and carried off the field. Dreams of glory are seldom spun by a pessimist.

"Whatsa matter?" Tony persisted. "Don't you like baseball?"

"I like baseball," I assured him.

"Then why don't you wanta get out there and shag a few?"

I certainly was not going to tell him. I simply shook my head, and that was that. After a few moments Lazzeri, looking sadder than ever, gave up and went away. But once in a while he would see me at the Stadium and he would ask me, teasing, if I would like "to shag a few." That was why his departure from the Yankees did not leave me wholly desolate.

It was about this time that I began to be excited by football. Sometimes on Saturday my family packed a picnic lunch and drove up to New Haven to watch Yale play in the Bowl. Larry Kelley was at Yale then, and so was Clint Frank. Frank became my football hero. I had read a story about him in a Sunday newspaper supplement, and he seemed to be a player I could identify with: quiet, an earnest student and afflicted with weak eyes, so that he had to wear glasses off the field. I hadn't started wearing glasses then, but I suspected that before long somebody would notice my squint and I would be fitted for ignominy.

Soon Frank's picture, autographed to me, went up on my wall beside Gehrig's. It was one of those traditional photographs that they take of Yale captains. Frank backed against a fence in front of a painted background with a football tucked under his arm. It was even bigger than my sister's autographed picture of Nelson Eddy.

Gehrig and Frank were my earliest heroes but, though I could claim with some degree of truth to be their "friend," our relationships remained in the standard pattern of small boy to his hero. It was when I was 16 that I achieved the supreme thrill of joining an athlete's entourage. The athlete was Billy Soose, the middleweight champion of the world.

Soose had been brought east by Paul Moss, a friend of my father. Soose quickly rose to the top of the middleweight division, beating both Ken Over-

continued

lin, who was recognized as world champion in New York State, and Tony Zale, the NBA champion, in nontitle bouts. In April 1941 Soose beat Overlin in Madison Square Garden for his share of the championship. At the celebration afterward Moss asked me if I would like to spend the summer helping to convert a Pennsylvania farm into a training camp.

Yes, I said, I would like to. One day in June I drove up there with Moss and two boys about my own age, Soose's brother and Moss's nephew. It was an exhilarating summer. In the mornings we did roadwork with Billy (shadowboxing and snorting down the dirt road in the wake of our elders), and later we helped to build a training ring there. In the evenings the three of us piled into the back of Soose's long green convertible and rode through the nearby towns, sharing in the stir that the champion caused wherever he showed his face. It is pleasant to remember that Soose displayed no trace of the cockiness or excessive pride that puffed up his juvenile staff.

We kids later became a more active part of the drama. When the ring was completed, Soose and his sparring partners worked out there every day, and the public was admitted for a small charge. It was our job to carry down the punching bags, take up the tarpaulin from the ring, tighten the ropes and generally get things into shape before the fighters appeared. Then Moss had an idea. Why not have the boys entertain the early crowd with boxing exhibitions of their own? Reluctantly, we climbed into the ring, but before long we were slugging each other with a good deal more spirit than effectiveness.

I began to look forward to those exhibition bouts, not only because I hoped to make an impression on the crowd, but also because I thought that after enough of them I would develop a dented nose of my own. I looked on a battered nose as a badge of honor and coveted one as ardently as a Heidelberg student might hope for a dueling scar. (Fritzie Zivic's nose, for instance, was a classic, a fantastically twisted peanut bracketed by his face. It was a model to shoot for.) For a while I adopted an aggressive chin-out style in the ring. Then I began to have headaches, and I'd wake up at night and think, "Suppose I get punchy or something," and I quickly returned to the jab-and-run tactics for which I was temperamentally suited.

That fall I returned to school with added luster. I was a friend of the champ's and apparently an expert to be reckoned with, whether in discussion or otherwise. But before the year was out Soose gave up his title and entered the Navy as a lieutenant. I followed him into the Navy soon afterward (as an apprentice seaman), and then I was in college and *Heroes and Hero Worship* was only the name of a book on the library shelf.

Around the house today I sometimes come across a picture or an old first baseman's mitt, and I remember things that gladdened my boyhood. But my nose remains as straight as if sporting blood had never coursed through my veins. END

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Not that you have to look down-at-the-heels when you review your returns with the Tax Man. But this wingtip does emanate prosperity on a high level. The classic design is knowing. The blackwine color, rich. The lustered texture, smooth and fine. What's more, it's hard to get this to look anything other than well-groomed because it's easy care, wipe-and-wear. And shape-retaining. And luxuriously soft and supple. How come? It's crafted of CORFAM®, the breathable new shoe upper material from Du Pont.

Jarman wingtip in blackwine CORFAM®



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